ALPHONSINE:

OR,

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

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A Novel.

BY

MADAME GENLIS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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ALPHONSINE,

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CHAP. XXI.

THE Countess was passionately desirous of knowing all the particulars of Diana's story; but the extreme reserve, taciturnity, and dignified calm of the latter, struck her with a sort of awe; yet she had ventured on asking a few questions in a whisper, and had already dis-

 covered

covered that Don Pedro was Alphonsine's father, which circumstance rendered that amiable and interesting child dearer to her than before. At length, in the evening of the fifth day after her deliverance, Diana enquired in a low voice if any intelligence had been received from Don Pedro; to which the Countess replied, "That he had left "Spain forever, and that no one knew "in what part of the globe he had fixed "his residence." Diana sighed; "Alas!" said she, "how tenderly he would have "cherished Alphonsine!" She said no more, and changed the conversation. The Countess, a little emboldened by this first mark of confidence, testified her eager desire to know her story. "It is "but just," answered Diana, "that I "should

"should relate it to you. I have often
"endeavoured myself, during my long
"captivity, to retrace to my mind my
"errors and misfortunes, in order to
"leave the particulars to my daughter,
"if ever Providence restored us to light
"and liberty. I began my narrative
"during my first year of captivity, and
"wrote it over again several times.
"Finding always, notwithstanding the
"monotony of our existence, new re-
"flections to set down, and new senti-
"ments to describe; I continued this
"occupation until the eve of my de-
"liverance. I had succeeded so well in
"acquiring the habit of writing in
"total darkness, that I am persuaded it
"will not be a very arduous task to
"make out my manuscript. There you

 "will

"will find what means I employed in "order to procure myself pencils, ink, "paper, and several other articles which "contributed to alleviate the horror of "my fate."

Having said this, Diana described the spot in her cavern where she had deposited her manuscript; and accordingly it was found lying under a large stone in the back part of the cave. Diana entrusted Inis with the care of decyphering and copying the manuscript, and exacted a promise from the Countess that she would not read a line of it before the whole was completed.

Two days after Don Alvarez sat off for Madrid, charged by the Countess to

repair

repair to court, and make a full discovery of this strange affair. She at the same time acknowledged that the estate, where the unfortunate Diana had suffered so long a captivity, belonged to her by right, according to the donor's original intention, although the Count by virtue of his second marriage-contract, had ensured the enjoyment of it to his second wife in case of his death. She moreover told Diana that her intention was to make to Alphonsine a restitution of Don Pedro's property, which offer Diana most positively rejected.

Inis was hard at work at the manuscript; during which interval Diana and her daughter never left their room, except to walk in a gallery which was con-

tiguous to it, the windows of which were carefully closed, and the walls hung up with dark-coloured baize.

Alphonsine more than once testified a wish of being allowed to pass through the door which she saw opened at times, but a single word from her mother was sufficient to allay her curiosity. At the expiration of five weeks, a window was opened for some few moments, the blind being down; the lamp was extinguished and Alphonsine, for the first time, beheld the light of day, and inhaled a purer air. They drew her near the window, but that sharp and powerful element caused her a sort of suffocation, which forced her mother to shut the window down. The effect was less remarkable

the

the next day, and in about a week the window remained open during several hours; but the blinds were kept shut. Inis having at length completed her task, took her copy to the Countess, who locking herself up in her closet, began eagerly to read what follows.

"*The History of Dona Diana de*
"*Mendoce.*"

"Buried in the deep gloom of an
"early grave, secluded from mankind,
"bereft of the light of day, sufferings
"and bitter regrets alone remind me
"that I am still alive; futurity offers but
"a long night of grief and affliction;
"and memory is my only companion....
"How consolatory would this companion

"prove, where it not attended with re-"morse! ... As a transient shadow I "passed on the earth; here time has "ended its course for me. Surrounded "with dreary darkness, and plunged in "the endless night of my grave, I have "already entered the vast fields of eter-"nity! .... At a distance from every "living creature, the Supreme Judge is "alone the witness of my actions! be-"reft of the opportunity of atoning for "my past errors by a voluntary expia-"tion, I wish, at least, I may be able to "make them of use; in hopes that this "writing will outlive me, and that the "cherished object of my tender solici-"tude, the innocent pledge of my weak-"ness, protected by Providence, and "restored to life, may some day find in

"these

" these memoirs a useful preservative
" against the guilty sentiments which have
" caused my ruin.

" O Thou, whose paternal and benevo-
" lent hand strikes only for our good!
" Thou, who has secluded me from all
" the world in order to bring me before
" Thee alone, and place me at the foot of
" thy august tribunal, and snatch me from
" the guilty path of error, inspire me
" with the power of recording them! that
" this chronicle of repentence may be
" worthy to be offered up at the shrine of
" innocence!

" An orphan from my cradle, I was
" brought up in the house of the Duke
" of Mendoce, my grandfather, and

" placed under the care of a governess.
" Scarcely had I attained my fourteenth
" year, when my union with the Count of
" Moncalde was resolved upon. Every
" person about me spoke of the Count
" in terms of praise; he was young and
" handsome, and I became attached to
" him with all the sincerity of a feeling
" and inexperienced mind. He frequent-
" ly visited at the house of my grandfa-
" ther, and treated me like a child; I ob-
" served this with a degree of mortifica-
" tion, yet as he evinced much good hu-
" mour and infinite respect for my grand-
" father, I found him amiable, I esteemed
" him, and these sentiments being autho-
" rized by duty, soon became a real pas-
" sion.

" I had

" I had always a very delicate state of
" health, nevertheless it was deemed pru-
" dent to have me inoculated a few months
" before my marriage. This operation
" had like to have proved fatal to me; the
" eruption was violent, and for some days
" my life was considered in danger. The
" small-pox left no traces on my face,
" but the loss of my hair, the swoln
" state of my features, and the redness
" of my complexion, produced so fatal a
" change in my countenance, that I was
" scarcely known for a whole twelve-
" month. The Count on this occasion
" evinced a sensibility which affected me
" deeply, and raised my admiration and
" esteem for him to the highest degree.
" I beheld the approach of the day fixed
" for our union, both with emotion and
" joy. On the first of May, we came

"before the altar; I was then fifteen. Nature, adorned in all the charms of the spring, seemed, like love and fortune, smiling to my wishes; the future offered the sweetest hopes to my view, and a combination of the most happy illusions. Our nuptials took place at a country seat, distant about two leagues from Madrid: the whole of the day passed in a brilliant entertainment. After supper my grandfather returned to Madrid, together with all our guests, and I remained alone with the Count. I expected him in my apartment, and at half-past twelve he came: but I was struck with the distant reserve which his countenance and deportment betrayed.... Having carefully locked the door, he came and sat down by me, and seeing

" seeing that I trembled and wept, 'Have
" 'done with this childish nonsense,'
" said he drily; 'and listen to me with all
" 'possible attention; this moment is of
" 'particular importance, and will decide
" 'the fate of your whole life.' This
" preamble struck me with astonishment,
" my tears stopped, and I remained like a
" statue. 'We are married,' continued
" he; 'our relations have obtained their
" 'end. You may live very happy, if
" 'you are obedient to my will; but I
" 'declare to you that your situation will
" 'be miserable, if you attempt to be jea-
" 'lous and romantic. Such conduct
" 'would disgust me: I wish to be free.
" 'You may, by a becoming and proper
" 'behaviour, obtain my confidence and
" 'friendship; but expect and ask no more.

" 'I am strongly attached to the Princess
" 'de . . . . . who bears me equal affection,
" 'and enjoys boundless influence at
" 'Court; she has consented to my mar-
" 'riage only on the express condition that
" 'my wife should be but a friend to me.
" 'I have even engaged my word I would
" 'go and meet her this very night,
" 'and she is waiting for me in a house
" 'at no great distance from this place.
" 'The care of my fortune, gratitude and
" 'love, every tie, in short, binds me to
" 'the Princess. You can easily there-
" 'fore perceive how absurd it were on
" 'your part to expect at this moment a
" 'sacrifice of such powerful sentiments;
" 'but we may in time come nearer toge-
" 'ther, and live on more friendly terms,
" 'if we find our tempers tolerably con-

" 'cordant.

" 'cordant. We must not in the mean
" 'time exist as a check upon each other.
" 'Live as you please, but, take care not
" 'to offend your grandfather; he enter-
" 'taining certain old Gothic prejudices
" 'respecting a conjugal union, and we
" 'must respect them in silence.'

" After this strange discourse, the
" Count, pulling out his watch and rising,
" said: 'Good night; be prudent and dis-
" creet.' He turned his back upon me
" and went out. I remained confounded!
" .... At fifteen years of age, and in the
" short interval of a few minutes, I had
" just lost all the hopes, all the illusions,
" which for the last two years had been
" the charm of my life, undeceived, mor-
" tified, and yet tied for life to a harsh,

" imperious

" imperious and unprincipled man, I beheld
" a most gloomy prospect.... My greatest
" grief was to find it impossible any
" longer to esteem one whom I so dearly
" loved. I would easily have excused the
" transient error produced by a violent
" passion, but I felt a degree of indigna-
" tion against the *sangfroid* which he
" had preserved in his declaration, and
" the mean calculations he thought pro-
" per to sacrifice me to.... Unable,
" however, to reap any consolation, ex-
" cept from persisting still in cherishing
" some happy illusion, I persuaded myself
" that his soul was not totally corrupt, and
" that I might by dint of affectionate at-
" tentions, patience, and good humour,
" rouse his sensibility, and bring him
" back to the paths of virtue....

" I

"I employed my best cares to seem
" happy, particularly in the eyes of my
" grandfather the Duke of Mendoçe; in
" which I succeeded; but I perceived with
" sorrow that my generous conduct made
" not the least impression on the Count,
" or rather that he did not even notice
" it. I had flattered myself that my con-
" duct would have astonished him, but I
" discovered at length, beyond all doubt,
" that his soul was hardened and cruel,
" and that it was degraded as well as de-
" praved. I never saw him but in com-
" pany, and then it was impossible to ob-
" tain the least mark of attention from
" him. I ventured one day to enter his
" apartments, and begged him at least to
" treat me as a friend, but he looked at
" me with disdain, and would not hearken

" to

" to me. I wrote to him two or three
" submissive moving letters, which he
" did not deign to answer. I then thought
" of addressing myself to his intimate
" friend Don Sancho de Melez, who
" seemed to me somewhat concerned
" about me. I opened my whole soul to
" him; he heard me with particular atten-
" tion, but he deprived me of almost every
" hope. 'If the Count,' said he, 'adored
" 'your rival, or if he was but indifferent
" 'in general, there would be some hopes
" 'that he would return to you, and that
" 'a heart such as yours would re-ani-
" 'mate his own; but he is incapable of
" 'love; he is only governed by ambition,
" 'and is insensible to every other feel-
" 'ing but vanity. Your attachment
" 'acts but as a restraint upon him, and

" 'I

" 'I can assure you, that at this moment
" 'his most sincere wish is that you should
" 'take a lover.' At these words I
" evinced the greatest indignation against
" Don Sancho, and looked on his avowal
" with an air of incredulity; at which he
" smiled and said, 'Don't you think me
" 'a perfidious friend? listen,' continued
" he, in a more serious tone. 'I am much
" 'affected by the confidence you have
" 'shown, and I will convince you of my
" 'own. I think that I shall render you
" 'a great service by undeceiving you,
" 'if you at all wish to have your doubts
" 'relieved.'—How?—'I would give
" 'you certain means of conviction.'—
" Explain yourself.—'The Count is to
" 'come here this evening; you know
" 'that he always comes into my apart-

" 'ment

" 'ment the moment he alights from his
" 'carriage; do you conceal yourself
" 'where you may hear all our conver-
" 'sation. One door of this closet goes
" 'into the billiard-room; take the key,
" 'and as soon as the Count arrives repair
" 'thither, where you will both hear and
" 'know our minds.' Being but fifteen
" years of age, I possessed, in common
" with the rest of our sex, a lively curio-
" sity, and I accordingly accepted this
" singular proposal. The Count did not
" arrive until eleven o'clock, when I im-
" mediately concealed myself in the clo-
" set. Don Sancho and the Count were
" seated against the partition, behind
" which I was listening, when I heard the
" following conversation, word for word;
" which

"which will never be effaced from my
"memory."

Don Sancho. Well, you are still in love with the Princess.

The Count. Certainly; as much as it is possible to be at the end of a year.

Don Sancho. She is both amiable and handsome.

The Count. Besides she is so intriguing

Don Sancho. Oh, I am certain that she will fix you at last.

The Count. Yes, . . . till I have carried my point; for it is necessary that I should have her whole interest to obtain such a situation.

Don Sancho. Well, and after that

what

what mistress do you imagine I would advise you take?

The Count. Donna Isabella, I suppose?

Don Sancho. Indeed not, but simply, your own wife.—

The Count, What use would that be?

Don Sancho. Why, for the sake of variety.

The Count. But I have an invincible antipathy against her.

Don Sancho. Yet, I can assure you, that when she has totally recovered from the effects of the inoculation, her person will be beautiful.

The Count. Insipid and silly! an aukward air! no taste.

Don

Don Sancho. Ah, you mean no coquetry.

The Count. Well, be it so, no coquetry; do you think that merits any credit? besides, she *doats on me.*

Don Sancho. I agree that is a great fault.

The Count. Besides, I have told you already, the only means that she could please me would be to take another lover.

Don Sancho. But what reason can you give?

The Count. I assure you it is not fanciful on my part; on the contrary, there is nothing more simple and reasonable; her grandfather who has educated her, thinks he has done a great thing; he loves her even to folly: you know very well that I have the most pressing inte-

rest

rest to retain the good wishes of this old man; and do not you see very plainly, that if Diana persists in her dotage, it will at least finish in her making complaints, and that when she has got the better of her simplicity and timidity, which are the only causes of her present silence, she will have nothing but endless complaints and jealousy;—another lover would preserve me from all this.

Don Sancho. But where is this other lover to be found? Diana is so young, so simple, and so reserved!

The Count. Well, yourself if you please.

Don Sancho. I!

The Count. Why—certainly it would be most convenient. . . . You, being my friend, lodging in the same house, it

would

would all pass without noise and scandal; which is all I could wish.

Don Sancho. But perhaps she would not like me?

The Count. Pshaw! nonsense! what folly!—Jealousy, opportunity. . . .

Don Sancho. She will think that I am betraying you.

The Count. Oh, you may tell her it is my own idea.

Don Sancho. She would take me for an impostor.

The Count. Well then, if you like, I will make it my business, and tell her of it myself.

" At this part of the conversation I
" arose, and, almost suffocated by my
" tears, I left the closet. The next morn-

" ing the Count entered my apartment, " which he had never done before. At " sight of him, I could scarcely contain " my indignation, but, however, I kept a " profound silence. 'What is the mat- " 'ter with you?' said he; 'you seem " 'strangely altered?'—I have had a " bad night's rest, and my health is much " impaired.—'I came to tell you, that I " 'am obliged to make a journey of eight " 'or ten days, but I shall leave Don " 'Sancho here. You must have ob- " 'served, that for the last three months " 'I have paid you this attention.' He " is very amiable; do not you find him " 'so.' At this question I blushed, and " seemed confused.—'What, are you a " 'child?' continued the Count, laughing, " 'You should get rid of this ridiculous " 'silliness; it is time you should re-

" 'nounce

" 'nounce these imbecile prejudices, and
" 'be a little guided by reason and phi-
" 'losophy.'—May I venture to ask you
" what you mean by philosophy?—'Not
" 'to do any thing publicly which
" 'would give offence to the vulgar, or
" 'irritate the Inquisition; and to live
" 'only to enjoy, as life is only made
" 'for pleasure, and it is short, and all
" 'dies with us.' At this blasphemous
" expression I shuddered, and my tongue
" was entirely bereft of utterance. 'Take
" 'my advice,' continued the Count;
" 'leave your mystic books and your
" 'pious authors, and all their melancholy
" 'and absurd doctrines; you understand
" 'French, and you should read the philo-
" 'sophical works of Voltaire, Diderot, and
" 'Helvetius; you would then obtain rea-

" 'sonable notions, and would become hap-
" py.' In saying these words he quitted me.
" A few moments after they brought me
" in Candide; the philosophical dictionary
" of Voltaire, and another book of the
" same kind by Helvetius.

" Towards the evening Don Sancho
" came to see me; I received him very
" cooly, for which he reproached me,
" and asked me in what he had of-
" fended. For being the friend of a
" man, replied I, whom you cannot
" esteem?—' Gracious Heaven!' said he,
" 'I became his friend, as you did his
" 'wife, because I did not know his
" 'character.'—But you may break with
" 'him? 'No, I cannot, because he has
" 'rendered me some service. I abhor

" 'his

" ' his principles; but since he boasts of
" ' them, I felt myself completely at
" ' liberty to make you acquainted with
" ' them. By placing such confidence
" ' in me, you have inspired me with
" ' true friendship. A man more artful and
" ' less honest than me would have taken
" ' advantage of the projects of the Count,
" ' and would have kept them a secret
" ' from you. As for my part I have con-
" ' cealed nothing from you, I have no
" ' kind of pretensions, and I am
" ' prone to think that his frankness and
" ' these sentiments entitle me to your
" ' friendship, the only thing which I am
" ' ambitious of.'

" I was much moved at this conversa-
" tion, in which I thought I beheld no-

"thing but goodness and sincerity; and "my regard for Don Sancho increased. "However, I never communicated to "him the project which I formed, and "which I executed the next day: I made "a packet of all the books which the "Count had sent me, and sent them back "with a letter couched in the following "terms:

"'I KNOW that these pernicious works "are equally outrageous to morality "and religion: I despise and return "them.

"'Having neither guide nor protector "at my age, it is possible that my "subsequent conduct may not always "agree with my principles; but this I

am

" am assured of at least, that I shall
" not deliberately commit an error,
" nor voluntarily pursue a path re-
" pugnant to innocence and happiness;
" it is only force that will oblige me to
" quit it. . . . . But instead of renouncing
" virtue, I shall always hold it in vene-
" ration, and quit it but with regret, as
" we quit a beloved object with profound
" sorrow, and in hopes of again meeting
" with it, and as the only good which can
" fully satisfy a noble and sensible heart.

" ' The decay of my health induces me
" to wish to pass the winter and spring
" on the estate which you have just pur-
" chased; to live there in an absolute
" solitude, where I do not even wish to
" see Don Sancho. If you obstruct my

 " design,

" design, I will immediately inform the
" Duke de Mendoce of the whole of your
" conduct towards me; but if, on the
" contrary, you make no attempt against
" my liberty, to which you cannot have
" any possible right, my love for peace
" will keep me perfectly silent, particu-
" larly so from respect to the tranquil-
" lity of my grandfather, whom the truth
" of my situation would render most un-
" happy! There I shall live perfectly re-
" signed; but know, that you could never
" reject me without renouncing your
" authority over me; and, as you do not
" act as my husband, you can no longer
" be my master.

" I sent this letter, together with the
" books, at six o'clock in the morning,

"and

" and immediately set off to the Count's
" estate, distant about twenty leagues
" from Madrid.

" By this absence I endeavoured to
" eradicate from my heart an attachment
" which seemed to me not only odious,
" but, if I may be allowed the expression,
" illegitimate. I learned that the Duchess
" d'Olmas, in order to arrange her affairs,
" had resolved to pass the winter on her
" estate in the neighbourhood. I had
" some little knowledge of her; she
" was a charming woman, but the
" Count had particularly enjoined me not
" to form any connection with her, as he
" mortally hated Don Pedro d'Almedor,
" her brother. Although I had never
" seen Don Pedro, I was not ignorant

" that he passed at court for an amiable
" and virtuous man: I also knew that
" he was the Hero of a singular and inte-
" resting adventure, with the details of
" which I had the most lively curiosity to
" be made acquainted. The Duchess paid me
" a visit, which I returned a few days after,
" when I saw Don Pedro at her house:
" he seemed to me cold, serious, absent,
" and almost uncivil; for what woman
" would not have formed the same opi-
" nion of a young man who did not take
" the least notice of her? The Duchess
" conjured me to stay a few days with
" her, to which I consented. On sup-
" per being announced, Don Pedro, who
" had always remained at the other extre-
" mity of the saloon at a distance from
" me, approached, and offering me his
" hand,

" hand, conducted me into the supper-
" room, and seated himself between his
" sister and me. I spoke very little dur-
" ing supper; but an apparently frivo-
" lous incident caused me a great deal
" of uneasiness; I perceived that his hair
" was perfumed with a particular pow-
" der, which the Count always had used,
" and which, to my recollection at that mo-
" ment, I never found any other person
" had adopted. This perfume awakened
" in my imagination a sorrowful remem-
" brance; I felt myself moved, agitated,
" and fell into a profound reverie: from
" that instant I experienced a secret plea-
" sure in finding myself near Don Pedro,
" [illegible]ch attraction I absolutely felt inde-
" [illegible] his person. I did not
" [illegible] either in figure or
" [illegible] grace

" grace to the Count, and neither no-
" ticed him nor listened to him with
" pleasure; but I still endeavoured to
" draw him near me, on purpose to in-
" hale the intoxicating fragrance of the
"*India muslin powder*.*

" This impression was so strong, that
" I could not help speaking of it to the
" Duchess; adding, that the fragrance of
" the heliotrope had so singular an effect
" on me, because the Count had always
" carried a nosegay of its flowers about
" him, and particularly on the day we
" were married. As for the rest, I did not
" make the Duchess acquainted with any

* This powder was made use of at Paris about twenty years ago, and the perfumers asserted that it was imported from Spain.

" part

" part of my story, but only hinted that
" my situation was not altogether the
" most happy. She expressed her sur-
" prise at seeing me alone at my age, on
" an estate at twenty leagues from Ma-
" drid, to which I made an evasive an-
" swer, and she pressed me no more. I
" I stayed about three weeks; at the ex-
" piration of which she returned to the
" capital, and I to the Count's estate.

" I did not find in solitude that repose
" which I sought; an habitual sorrow,
" a vague inquietude, a secret uneasi-
" ness rendered me incapable of applying
" to any serious studies. Not knowing
" how to employ the days, I counted them,
" and saw with pleasure the time ap-
" proaching when I hoped, according to
" promise,

" promise, to return again to the Du-
" chess. In about a fortnight she came
" and fetched me, when I met Don Pe-
" dro, who had returned from Madrid
" the evening before. He still wore the
" same powder which caused in me such
" sensation. . . . . He seemed to me less
" absorbed, and less absent; I found him
" more amiable, listened to his conversa-
" tion, and was astonished at not having
" sooner remarked the attractive force of
" his wit. A mutual confidence ensued,
" and I obtained my wishes in hearing
" the history of Don Pedro. It did not
" require much entreaty for him to gra-
" tify my curiosity; and one evening, after
" supper, seating himself between his sis-
" ter and me, he related to us his history
" nearly in the following words.

" 'It

" ' It is about three years ago that I
' travelled through the interior of Spain;
' I made some stay in the kingdom of Gre-
' nada, in order to take a view of the fa-
' mous Moorish palace, which I had never
' seen before. On entering the Alhambra,
' my conductors informed me that I should
' meet there with an English lady, who
' had just arrived there, and whom I ac-
' cordingly found in the court called *Cour*
' *des Lions*. She was in deep mourning,
' and rather in dishabille; her hair and
' part of her face were covered with a
' deep veil; and her languid countenance
' and dress struck me most forcibly. She
' did not seem to me handsome, but she
' was young, and in the romantic spot
' where I had met her, that was sufficient
' to attract my notice and interest me.
' This

'This palace, which awakened in me
'ideas of chivalry; those antique walls,
'covered with amorous devices; the re-
'collection of the Abbeneerage princes, all
'contributed to increase my emotions;
'and so disposed, the meeting with such
'a woman was a particular adventure for
'me. I approached her, and we entered
'into conversation. As she spoke I no-
'ticed her countenance brightened, and I
'soon found her agreeable as well as
'handsome; the sound of her voice pe-
'netrated my heart, and all her observa-
'tions seemed just, charming, and senti-
'mental.' She informed me that she was
'going to Madrid, to which I replied,
'that I was also returning thither, and
'would be extremely happy to accom-
'pany her. As she could not speak Spa-
'nish,

'nish, we generally conversed in French,
'which she spoke perfectly well. This
'amiable English woman was named
'Lady Sarah, wife of Lord Merton, but
'had been a widow about eight months.
'We often learn the disposition of a person
'we travel with but for a few days, better
'than we could have done living with
'them in public during as many months.
'The second day of the journey Lady
'Sarah offered me a place in her carriage,
'which I accepted with transport. We
'had only a third person with us, who was
'an English waiting woman, who did not
'understand a word of French. Every
'thing that I saw of Lady Sarah's dispo-
'sition gave me the best opinion of her
'sentiments and goodness; always mild,
'good-humoured, and equal-tempered:

'she never found fault with any of her
'domestics: She lavished her charity
'wherever she passed; she did not seem
'incommoded by any thing in the inns,
'and always made every person about her
'happy, even the children and the ser-
'vants, whom she took pleasure in calling
'around her. Her conversation was par-
'ticularly interesting. My heart was dis-
'engaged, and I made not the least effort
'to conquer a new passion, which reason
'permitted, but abandoned myself to
'it with that charm which we experience
'in yielding to the attraction of virtue.

"'Lady Sarah's confidence and friend-
'ship repaid my attentions; she told me,
'that having been born without a for-
'tune, her parents had married her when
'young

'young to one of the richest noblemen
'in England; but that their union was
'not happy; that Lord Merton, how-
'ever, doing justice to the purity of his
'conduct, had, on his death, bequeathed
'the whole of his property to her; add-
'ing, that having lost her parents, and
'quarelled with her husband's relations,
'and the climate affecting her health, she
'had resolved to fix herself in Spain.
'This account inspired me with the most
'sanguine hopes. Having arrived at Ma-
'drid, Lady Sarah purchased a superb
'mansion, where she admitted the best
'company, both of the court and capital.
'I soon met with a host of rivals, who
'haughtily declared their passion and
'pretensions. Lady Sarah seemed to me
'the most charming woman that ever I
'had seen; but in this opinion I was sin-

gular,

'gular, as Lady Sarah, though gene-
'rally respected, was neither deemed
'handsome nor attractive. Many per-
'sons thought her deficient in wit, be-
'cause she took no pains to shew it; all
'ways simple, modest, and natural, she
'was neither assuming, nor fond of ar-
'gument: as to her person, it was agreed
'that she had good features, but could
'not at all be counted handsome, as she
'neither possessed grace nor elegance.
'The ladies laughed at her dress, the ex-
'treme negligence of which appeared
'somewhat singular, Lady Sarah, on
'casting off her mourning, having still
'preserved the austere simplicity of a wi-
'dow's habit. Though naturally pale,
'she used no rouge; her head-dress seem-
'ed to be that of a woman of fifty; her
'shape was always concealed under a
'long

'long black cloak, which she never left
' off: besides, she went out but seldom,
' paid but few visits, and never went to
' a ball or any other spectacle: all these
' singularities, which were turned into ri-
' dicule by others, inspired me with ad-
' miration. I was perfectly convinced
' that Lady Sarah, without any coquetry,
' but with a little rouge, and attention
' to her dress, would outshine all the wo-
' men who now were preferred to her.

" 'However, I declared my passion.
' To which she mildly replied, that her first
' marriage made her afraid to accept my
' addresses; and that she could not make
' up her mind about forming any new
' engagement; and therefore intreated
' me for time to consider of it. At this
' time

'time I was charged with a secret and
'particular mission from the King to
'Lisbon, and was obliged to depart. I
'remained absent about two months; in
'about five weeks I received a letter from
'Madrid, which informed me that a great
'change had taken place in Lady Sarah's
'situation; that the relations of the late
'Lord Merton had caused his will to be
'annulled, and thereby reduced her to
'total ruin. I loved her truly, and was
'overjoyed at an opportunity of evincing
'to her my disinterested sentiments. I
'returned to Madrid with transports, and
'flew to Lady Sarah. She had just sold
'her house, and taken a lodging suitable
'to her new situation. That swarm of
'admirers and pretended friends had va-
'nished. I found Lady Sarah alone, and ad-
'mired

'mired her tranquillity. Oh! how much
'does the object of our love move us
'when in adversity? I expressed all that
'I felt, to which Lady Sarah listened
'with attention. I urged her to make
'me happy; she sighed, and after a mo-
'ment's silence thus addressed me:'—
"You must have read in my heart, and
"must be convinced, that it re-vibrates to
"yours: I love you, Don Pedro; but an-
"swer me with sincerity, What is the true
"cause of your attachment to me?"—
'Oh!' exclaimed I, 'how can I answer
'that? how can I tell you what I most
'prefer, when every thing which I see
'in you equally charms me? I adore the
'qualities of your soul, and the various
'accomplishments of your mind; but I
'also adore your noble grace, your
'beauty,

'beauty, and your divine form!'—' How!'
'interrupted she, with an air of surprise;
'do you think me handsome?'—' This
'question made me smile, which was the
'only answer I returned.'—' No, Don
'Pedro,' continued she; ' no, you de-
'ceive yourself with respect to my figure;
'I ought not to conceal any thing from
'you.' 'Here she paused, cast down
'her eyes, and seemed lost in her reve-
'rie. I remained confused, gazing on
'her in silence.

' " At length, resuming the conversation:
'I will not deceive you,' said she; ' I
'am in many respects naturally de-
'formed.'— ' You, gracious Heaven!'
'Yes, Don Pedro, this long cloak, which
'I always wear, conceals a deformed
'shape....

'shape.... this head of hair, which you
' think handsome, is altogether false;
' mine are of that unfortunate colour
' which we must either disguise or con-
' ceal, even without having any desire to
' please. In short, even those teeth which
' you admire, are not all my own.—
' In short, such is a true description of
' my form and figure. Reflect well on
' this, and in two months let me know
' the resul ; till when I must request
' that you will not mention marriage.
' I must tell you still further, that I love
' retirement, and that you will never
' bring me to sacrifice a wish which
' time does but augment, and which
' must be displeasing to a man of your
' age. Consider whether such a serious
' and austere life would suit you. You

 ' never

'never were engaged; and, as you were
'ignorant of all that I have now disco-
'vered, you may change your sentiments
'without any scruple; the more so, as
'those which I entertain for you are not
'the sentiments of love: I prefer you to
'every man I saw before, and would joy-
'fully unite my destiny to yours. This
'wish of my heart and of reason is free
'and voluntary: I am not smitten by
'you with a blind partiality; I have
'indulged it after mature reflection, and
'from a virtuous inclination: but not
'having any passion for you, a change
'in your sentiments would not affect my
'tranquillity; and one certain happiness
'I shall preserve, that of remaining your
'friend.'' 'This strange discovery
'plunged me into grief and misery. I
'renewed

'renewed all my vows, but Lady Sarah 'imposed silence on me; she seemed 'herself much affected, and begged me 'to retire.

" 'As soon as I was alone, I feared to 'examine my own heart. In spite of 'myself, my imagination now represented 'to me Lady Sarah, deprived of part of 'those charms which I had admired, and 'which I supposed her to possess; I be-'held her such as she had described her-'self, and recollected with a sort of dread 'that which she told me respecting her 'taste for retirement. I wished to con-'fine myself to that idea alone, and make 'it a reasonable motive for my change 'of sentiments; I felt love weakened and 'abated in my heart: unable to regard

'Lady Sarah as the accomplished model 'of every perfection, I thought I had lost 'every thing. I fancied, not to admire 'her with raptures, was to love her no 'longer; and I remained in this perplex-'ity until the moment when I returned to 'her. But when I heard her soft voice, 'when I beheld her looks full of expres-'sion and serenity, when I contemplated 'her angelic countenance, I conceived 'that I again met the woman whom I 'still preferred to all others. However, 'when I had left her, I no longer felt the 'same sentiments; my eyes always be-'held her charming, but my imagination 'represented her under other features. 'I forgot all that she had told me in con-'fidence, when I saw and heard her; and 'always felt disquietude when I was not

'in her presence. Nevertheless, this va-
'riation of sentiment did not proceed
'from irresolution, but from anxiety; I
'always preserved the recollection of
'Lady Sarah's virtues, and the perfection
'of her principles and character, which
'gave her a great superiority over all
'other women, and I persevered in my
'wishes to obtain her hand.

"'At the end of two months, which were
'designed as a time of probation, she
'asked me, with a sort of solemnity, to
'own frankly the result of my reflections.
'I think, said I, that I now love you in
'a manner more sincere and more de-
'serving of you; for I feel, that even
'deprived of youth or beauty, you are
'still the person whom I should choose for

 'the

'the partner of my life.—" Well," an-
' swered she, holding out her hand to me,
' 'I am yours, depend on it." At these
' words I fell down at her feet, and press-
' ed her not to delay my happiness; and
' she accordingly fixed the day.

" 'The evening of that memorable day,
' Lady Sarah told me that she would be
' married in the same house which she
' had first inhabited, and that it was not
' yet sold. "It is there," said she, "you
" first declared your sentiments to me,
" and it is there that I will pronounce
" those dear vows to love you to my
" grave." According to the wishes of
' Lady Sarah, it was agreed that the nup-
' tial ceremony should be performed with-
' out any pomp or shew, in the chapel of
'her

'her own mansion, and that none should
'be invited except my sister and the neces-
'sary witnesses. Lady Sarah added that
'she wished to speak to me particularly
'before the ceremony; and we settled that
'I should repair alone to the palace, at
'nine o'clock in the morning. The next
'day I arrived accordingly at half past
'eight o'clock, and was shewn into a sa-
'loon, where I was desired to wait. In
'the course of a few minutes, I heard
'some one preparing to play on a piano
'forte. I was ignorant of Lady Sarah's
'possessing any talents of this description;
'but imagined, that knowing I am pas-
'sionately fond of music, she had sent
'for some professional persons. I at-
'tempted to go into the closet, whence I
'heard the sound proceed, but found the

 'door

'door was bolted inside. I was going to
'retire from the door, when a most me-
'lodious voice was heard, which riveted
'me to the spot, and I distinctly heard
'the following air.

I.

Now I see the happy dawn :
Joy awakes my bridal morn ;
Soon my love will bless the hour,
Crown'd with many a blushing flower ;
But my purer hands disdain
Hymen's altar to profane,
Or on this auspicious day
With love's transient wreaths to play.

II.

Light and gay enchanting band,
Loves and pleasures, hand in hand,
Passing in fantastic guile,
Hence !—nor e'er expect me smile.

Flames,

Flames, which bring us to decay,
While they waste themselves away.
Pant, my soul, for joys more pure;
Joys! which long as life endure.

III.

Yet I've shunn'd those transports vain,
Which intoxicate the brain:
Prudence on esteem shall wait,
And for ever fix my fate.
O thou! rever'd by truest love,
Can I more affection prove?
Thee I yield the sovereign part;
Lord and guardian of my heart.

" 'At the last lines the closet door was 'opened on a sudden, and I beheld the singer 'seated on a stool before the instrument, 'with her back turned towards me. I ad-'mired the beauty of her shape, the elegance 'of dress, her long and beautiful hair fas-

'tened up in tresses on her head, and
'crowned with a wreath of flowers. Be-
'ing already deeply affected with the
'words of the song, and the delightful
'voice which had given them so much
'expression, I had remained fixed at the
'entrance of the closet, in order that I
'might not lose a word.... but the song
'being finished, I advanced; the singer
'arose, and came to meet me. What
'was my surprise and emotion, on recog-
'nizing Lady Sarah!—I remained like
'a statue with my eyes fixed on her.—
'Her beauty was divine!... "Don Pedro,"
'said she, "I had sworn never to sacrifice
"my liberty to love; I was seeking for a
"disinterested, faithful, and virtuous
"friend: him I have found in you alone.

"I was

" I was desirous of putting you to trial....
" and now how happy am I to indulge
" my affection for you, and thus to ful-
" fil a duty of gratitude!"—'How!' ex-
" claimed I, 'you have confounded me,
' together with all my rivals, and decei-
' ved me for such a length of time! I
' see this palace is still your own, and
' your pretended ruin was but a strata-
' gem. What insulting experiment!
' What, to believe in my honest profes-
' sions, you had need of a geometrical
' demonstration! You have adopted
' all the precautions of scorn and mis-
' trust towards me! Ah, cruel, cruel
' Sarah!' As I finished these words, I
' fell into an arm chair, my tears flowed,
' and I hid my face with my hands. I
' heard some little noise: I looked up;

 ' Lady

'Lady Sarah had vanished! . . . This re-'collection oppressed me still at this mo-'ment. . . . She who had just offered me 'her hand, who had adorned the altar 'where in a few minutes we were to be 'united by an indissoluble bond—he 'whom I adored, Lady Sarah! . . . she 'had disappeared for ever, and the last 'look which she bestowed on me, was a 'look of indignation and anger! . . . O 'happiness, how precarious and frail! 'and yet it was invaluable, although to 'have had a glimpse of it.

"'I rose, and ran after Lady Sarah; but 'I could not find her. I flew to her 'chamber; one of her women said, 'that I could not see her then. I took 'out a pencil, and wrote the most sub-

'missive

'missive and repentant note. I gave 'it to her waiting woman; and, filled 'with uneasiness and apprehensions (al-'though I was yet very far from suspect-'ing the extent of my misfortune) I went 'down stairs sorrowfully, where I met my 'sister and other witnesses; we all en-'tered the drawing-room. Soon after 'the chaplain sent me word, every thing 'was ready for the ceremony. This 'word dispelled all my fears; it seemed 'as if Lady Sarah had just sent me the 'cheering intelligence herself. . . . Alas! 'she knew nothing of the message. I 'was eager to go and wait for Lady Sa-'rah in the chapel, cherishing the idea 'that this alone seemed already as a sort 'of engagement for her. I urged my sis-'ter and the witnesses to go and follow

'me,

'me, and we all went together to the 'chapel. The priest, kneeling before 'the altar, was imploring blessings on 'our union — the nuptial torches were 'lighted; and yet the sight of this struck 'me with deadly apprehensions; a fatal 'presentiment chill'ed my heart. Lady 'Sarah had refused to see me: Lady Sa'rah was not to be found! Trembling 'and confounded, I stood motionless in 'my place, when my sister whispered to 'me, that I ought to go and fetch Lady 'Sarah. I was going out, when I saw one 'of her valets enter, holding a long ex'tinguisher. He drew near the altar, 'whispered a few words to the priest, 'who rose and disappeared, and all the 'wax tapers were immediately put out... 'I felt myself fainting! it seemed as if

'my

'my light of life was extinguished; to-
'gether with the light of those sacred
'torches. What are you about? ex-
'claimed I, in a voice choaked with grief
'and broken sobs. "We are obeying
'her Ladyship's orders," was the only
'answer I could obtain. I leaned on my
'sister, who led me out of the chapel.
'I was forced to sit down, and seemed
'almost lifeless. . . . . On recovering my
'senses, I rose abruptly, calling aloud
'on Lady Sarah; in vain did they tell
'me, she had left the palace immediately
'on quitting me. I continued seeking
'her, and wandered through all her
'apartments as a madman; at length my
'sister took me to her own house.

"'All

" ' All our researches proved vain:
' we never could discover where Lady
' Sarah had concealed herself. The wait-
' ing woman, who had taken my note to
' her apartment, did not know it herself.
' Lady Sarah, on quitting me, had fled
' to her own chamber, whence she had
' afterwards escaped through a back-door,
' and left the palace, attended only by
' one trusty man servant. It was not
' until two hours after that a common
' porter, who immediately after went
' away, brought word that Lady Sarah
' had left the palace, so that she had
' never received the note which I had
' written to her. This last circumstance
' gave the finishing stroke to my de-
' spair.

' The

'The next day a letter from Lady
'Sarah was brought to me, which con-
'tained these words:

"I had for three months cherished
"the fond hope and the pleasing idea to
"prepare for you an agreeable surprise,
"from which I promised myself the tran-
"sports of the most happy and grateful
"friend! Judge what must have been
"my feelings and disappointment, when
"it only excited in you the greatest dis-
"content, and subjected me to your re-
"proaches. Two persons who under-
"stand each other so little, and whose
"sentiments are so different, never can
"be born for each other. My first mar-
"riage was extremely unhappy; Lord
"Merton married me but for my figure
"and

" and talents; he loved me as he would
" have loved a courtezan, with ardour,
" but with the most insulting suspicion.
" This conduct made me despise love, and
" I vowed never to sacrifice my liberty,
" but only to friendship: I was desirous
" of not seducing you by frivolous plea-
" sures, but to fix your attachment by
" my mental qualifications, thinking those
" were the only qualities which time could
" not destroy, and with which only we
" ought to make a conquest of a husband.
" It is true that I spread a report that I
" had lost the fortune which I still pos-
" sess: this artifice, which so much of-
" fended you, you are not the object of;
" I only employed that during your ab-
" sence, to rid myself of that swarm of
" pretended admirers, whose importunities
" became

" became troublesome to me. On your
" return, you forgetting to mention
" that circumstance to me, I forgot to
" undeceive you: this neglect on both
" sides does us equal honour; but the re-
" proach which you made me on that
" account, degrades you and wounds me,
" as it supposes me guilty of a duplicity
" as well as yourself. I regret you, but I
" shall never seek another. A little re-
" flection might perhaps have prevented
" me from giving way to the most violent
" emotion of spleen and ill humour which
" I ever felt in my life; but your con-
" duct so completely destroyed the ideas
" of happiness which I had formed to my-
" self, that there was not even a single il-
" lusion left, and you must be well aware
" that even in the most reasonable en-
" gagement

" gagement something of the kind is ne-
" cessary. You ought to have known
" that the notions of women should not
" be trifled with, and that it is as dan-
" gerous to wound their heart as it is to
" silence their passions.

" Adieu! Henceforth I pretend to no-
" thing more than tranquillity, but I ever
" wish you happiness."

" ' This letter filled me with grief: how-
' ever, it served me in the end to stifle
' an unhappy passion, by proving to me
' that Lady Sarah was a stranger to love.
' Her disposition was cold, though excel-
' lent; and still might have conduced to
' reason and happiness."

" Thus

" Thus finished the recital of Don Pe-
" dro d'Almedor, which interested me
" exceedingly, and inspired me for him
" with a true confidence. I passed the
" six following weeks with the Duchess,
" where Don Pedro staid the whole time:
" he treated me with such tender regard,
" that I thought myself justified in open-
" ing my heart, and relating to him my
" secret sufferings. I, in turn, told him
" my strange history: this confidence
" sensibly affected him, and caused him
" the greatest surprise: after a few mo-
" ments thought, he strongly recom-
" mended to me never to reveal this se-
" cret to his sister, which I accordingly
" promised.

" After

" After a few days Don Pedro declared
" to me the fatal sentiments which have
" been the cause of all my misfortunes.
" I felt nothing but friendship for him;
" therefore this declaration both embar-
" rassed and wounded me. I then felt
" the imprudence of my conduct, and
" perceived, but too late, that a young
" woman was deficient in that necessary
" propriety of conduct, when she makes
" another man her confident; and ex-
" perience has since taught me, that she
" thereby commits herself to the man,
" though unintentionally.

" As soon as a man is in love, far from
" generously renouncing the rights which
" imprudence gave him, he does every

" thing

"thing to secure his conquest; and en-
"deavours, by numerous arts, to bring
"about the most culpable errors, in con-
"sequence of a first fault committed
"merely through inexperience.

"I still loved the Count; the recol-
"lection of a vow made at the foot of
"the altar was still sacred to me. I
"felt that religion prescribed it as an in-
"dispensable obligation on me to neglect
"no means to soften and reclaim an un-
"just and disdainful husband, and that
"I should myself be responsible for
"every wrong, if I did not try every
"means to bring him back to the paths
"of virtue, which I considered time and
"perseverance might still effect. I there-
"fore received the declaration of Don
Pedro

"Pedro with severity. He repeated to
" me, that he considered me as perfectly
" free; that my marriage was null in the
" eyes of the law as well as religion. To
" which I answered, that Religion did not
" restore to me my liberty until I had
" made every effort to re-establish the
" bond which she had consecrated. Don
" Pedro combated this argument; but I
" stopped him by telling him, that I had
" not been able to succeed in silencing
" my affection for the Count; and I re-
" minded him, at the same time, that he
" could not be ignorant of it, since I had
" confessed to him the excess of my sen-
" sibility at every thing which brought
" the Count to my recollection... 'You
" know,' continued I, 'that the first inte-
" rest which you inspired me with arose

" simply

" simply from the recollection of that
" perfumed powder which you made use
" of. These impressions, which nothing
" can deface, prove to me more strongly
" that my heart is still the same.' Don
" Pedro sighed, and promised to be gui-
" ded by my sentiments. He kept his
" word, and never spoke of his passion;
" but his looks and attentions incessantly
" reminded me of it. I have observed
" that all young women who, through
" their husband's neglect, are led to com-
" mit errors, excuse their weakness by
" denying their former sentiments, and
" asserting they never loved their hus-
" bands. This is a great mistake: for
" the most dangerous situation a woman
" can be placed in, is that when her heart,
" half cured, but still disturbed, is neither

 " fixed

" fixed by a violent attachment, nor hap-
" py in the enjoyment of serene security.
" In such a situation she is no longer
" guided by one firm sentiment, but she
" is left exposed both to receive and har-
" bour the most pernicious impressions.
" An exalted imagination, an enfeebled
" reason, and disordered senses, such are
" the fatal traces which even the most le-
" gitimate of passions leaves behind. Had
" I entertained only friendship for the
" Count Moncalde, I might without ef-
" fort have preserved all my principles;
" but young as I was, and knowing love
" already, that sentiment appeared to me
" requisite for happiness; and we are very
" apt to give it admittance, when we con-
" sider its charm so necessary to our ex-
" istence.

" Don

" Don Pedro daily acquired new " claims to my friendship: I was not in" sensible of his cares and praises. We " feel pleased, after having been treated " with disdain and neglect, to see our" selves the object of admiration and " constancy. Flattery at length insensi" bly subdued me: I began to compare, " in my own mind, Don Pedro with the " Count de Moncalde; and I thought it " but reasonable to give the advantage to " the former. This judgment, no doubt, " was agreeable to equity, although it " had nothing but vanity for its founda" tion, as we always consider that man " the most ender and estimable who " flatters us most, and who appreciates " best our merit.

 " I left

" I left the Duchess, and returned to " my own palace. Don Pedro often came " to see me; but his visits embarrassed " me: I did not venture to let him per- " ceive it. I soon grew accustomed to " them, and at length found them agree- " able. The Duchess came back about " the end of April to fetch me; I ac- " companied her, and promised to spend " the spring with her. The return of " this charming season brought new " pleasures with it. This epoch reminded " me of my marriage, and made me feel " more than ever my unfortunate situa- " tion. An insurmountable inattention, " a constant emotion gradually plunged " me in the deepest melancholy. Don " Pedro could easily discover the state of " my mind; he spoke to me with much

" affectionate

"affectionate sensibility, and testified so "much compassion and delicacy, that I "soon resumed all my confidence. I "had at first only wished for a friend to "unbosom my sorrows to; but now I "was seeking for consolation. I felt less "real sorrow, than a sort of desire of "raising a kind concern in others, and "exaggerating my pains, in order to en-"joy the sweet compassion which they "inspired. On the eve of the first of May "we took a boat, and had a sail on a "neighbouring river: I sat between Don "Pedro and the Duchess. The former, "more engaging than ever, was conver-"sing with his sister; a gentle and re-"freshing breeze wafted to me the de-"licious fragrance of his hair; I was si-"lent and musing. . . . . He had brought

" a guitar with him; and I never having
" heard him play before the Duchess,
" entreated him to sing an air, when,
" with the deepest emotion, I heard him
" accompany the following words on his
" guitar.

I.

Fleeting shade of my affection,
Hopes to fix thee sure were wrong:
Must I leave thee? Hard reflection!
Can I breathe without thee long?
Ah! how long must I complaining
Live, of every joy bereft?
Save thy fancied form remaining,
This sad heart has nothing left.

II.

Fancy o'er remembrance strolling,
Makes the future gloom appear;
Now tormenting, yet consoling,
Proves my only comfort here.

Contemplation (foe to folly)
'Minds me of the hours of love;
And the slave of Melancholy,
My devoted life shall prove.

III.

Oft on riv'lets smoothly gliding,
Which thro' flowery margins flow,
These fond eyes are long abiding,
Gazing on a face of woe!
Once, alas! I brav'd the ocean;
" Rage," I said, " ye stormy winds!
" What heed I your troubled motion?
" Happiness remains behind!"

IV.

Echoing groves, to my complaining,
Ev'ry plaintive note employ;
Happy when they (care disdaining)
Told the story of my joy.

Echo! friend to faithful lovers,
  Let thy son'rous note expire;
Doleful sound, which grief discovers,
  Suited to my weeping lyre.

V.

Love's wild transports (indiscretion),
  Little happiness impart;
But the tender, sweet impression,
  Fills a pure and constant heart.
Hope, to future joys aspiring,
  Hope, which makes the wretched smile;
Dear illusion! fond desiring!
  Make me happy in thy guile.

" Don Pedro's song had a most
" powerful effect on me: his sister ob-
" served, that she had never heard the
" fifth stanza before; to which Don
" Pedro answered, that it was true, the
" fifth was a new one. . . . He looked at
" me;

" me; I blushed, and heaved a sigh.—
" The boat stopped: we landed, and went
" to walk in the grove of citron trees.
" Don Pedro offered me his arm; the
" Duchess walked on before. Don Pe-
" dro squeezed my hand; two tears
" started, and dropped on my cheeks. . . .
" Oh, how happy am I! said he in a
" low voice. These words made me
" start; I thought I had already gone too
" far . . . and could not recover my wont-
" ed serenity during the whole day.
" The joy which Don Pedro seemed to
" experience, the gratitude which he
" took care to express, convinced me
" altogether that the emotion which I
" had betrayed on hearing his last stanza,
" must have given him the greatest hopes;
" while a sort of confusion and childish

 " bashfulness

" bashfulness hindered me from unde-
" ceiving him.

" I went to bed uneasy, agitated, and
" discontented with myself. I did not
" sleep at all; but arose with the dawn, and
" descended into the garden. It was
" the first of May, that memorable and
" unhappy day on which I had pledged
" my faith. I reflected with more indig-
" nation than ever on the contempt which
" I had exprienced for a whole year; the
" caress, the respect, and the love of Don
" Pedro, crowded on my mind. 'At length,'
" said I to myself, 'I am free; the fatal
" vow which binds me, ought and shall
" be broke!' I had succeded to familiarize
" my mind with this idea, which until
" then

" then I had revolted at. In the midst of " those thoughts I perceived on a sudden " Don Pedro near me; he held in his " hand a bouquet of *héliotrope* . . . I " have already said before, that the " Count, on the day of his marriage, had " such a nosegay in his hand. Don " Pedro throwing himself at my feet, " 'Oh, Diana,' said he, 'I have read your " heart; yes, that sensible and grateful " heart revibrates to mine; we are both " free; virtue even prescribes it as our " duty to break off the apparent bond " which chains your fate to that of the " most contemptible of all men; that " monstrous and unnatural union equally " outrages divine and human laws. You " belong to that man whom you esteem,

" whom you compassionate, and whose " adorations you accept; I swear at your " feet to devote my whole life to you. " Let these flowers become the pledge " of our happiness and of the most invio- " lable fidelity; these flowers, which you " deem sacred to Hymen and to love, " oh, let me receive them from your " hands! do condescend to take, and " return them to me! After so rich a " gift, how contemptible will the thrones " of the whole world appear in my sight!' "—In saying these words, Don Pedro " placed the nosegay before me; the " sight and the fragrance of that flower " caused me a most lively sensation, and " my reason seemed to quit me.... " Every dangerous emotion of love per-

" vaded

" vaded my soul and disordered my ima-
" gination; a vague but powerful sensa-
" tion took entire possession of my heart,
" and one idea alone offered itself to me;
" and *mutual love*, said I to myself, *is the*
" *only happiness!* . . . this thought com-
" pletely excluded the recollection of the
" object who treated me with such con-
" tempt: the magic flower brought to my
" mind nothing but love; love only, but
" with every charm which the delirious
" imagination could give it. In short,
" though I did not experience that degree
" of passion which could excuse an im-
" prudence effected by an irresistible sen-
" sation, I took the flower, and gave it to
" Don Pedro, saying, 'Yes, it is yours,
" for you have deserved it!' . . . His trans-
" ports clearly convinced me that I had
" made

" made an irrevocable engagement; but
" the excess of his happiness intoxicated
" my vanity, and I thought that I partook
" of every sensation which he felt. He
" entreated me to give him a meeting the
" same evening after supper in the gar-
" den; I was no longer in a state to re-
" flect; and fearing lest my betraying any
" apprehensions should irritate him or
" evince any mistrust, I without any hesi-
" tation made that dangerous promise
" which he exacted from me. Don
" Pedro did not quit me for a single mo-
" ment the whole of that day; I felt at
" the bottom of my soul a secret dis-
" quiet, and that unconquerable uneasi-
" ness which is always the consequence
" of our faults; but blind and led away,

" I.

"I confusedly stifled those reflections
" which offered themselves to my mind.

" The whole house were gone to rest,
" while I remained alone three quarters
" of an hour in my chamber. . . . I paced
" about my room with agitation; my
" heart violently palpitated; but those
" were painful and oppressing emotions,
" they were those of remorse. The hour
" of appointment having struck, I started—
" 'No,' exclaimed I, 'no, I will not go.
" These few words re-animated my cou-
" rage, expanded my ideas, and brought
" me to my reason. Oh! how delicious
" it is to return to virtue, ere we have
" yet been contaminated; to halt at the
" brink of the precipice while yet pure,

" and

" and to measure with our eye the hor-
" rible abyss ! While I was thus musing
" on those pleasing meditations, I per-
" ceived the door of my chamber softly
" opened, and saw Don Pedro enter.—
" He had taken great care to provide
" himself with a master key, and came
" to seek me. His air was so mild,
" respectful and serene, that I had not
" the power to declare my new resolu-
" tion. Without seeming to observe my
" embarrassment, he proposed either to
" remain in my chamber that we might
" converse with each other; or, if I should
" prefer it, that we should take a walk in
" the park. Disconcerted and intimida-
" ted, I answered that I should prefer a
" walk in the garden, when he seized
" my arm and led me forth.

" How

" How dangerous it is to inspire a pas-
" sion, when we have never tasted the
" charm of being beloved, when we
" have never yet beheld the looks of an
" amiable and passionate young lover,
" and when for the first time we heard
" the seducing language of that passion,
" exaggerated by flattery, which we con-
" ceive to be the expressions of fidelity,
" sentiment and truth ! . . . We fear the
" very passion which we approve , and
" though we mistrust love, we pride our-
" selves on being grateful ; when that
" gratitude which we are inspired with,
" is nothing more than the intoxication
" of vanity, which may lead us on to com-
" mit the greatest errors. As soon as
" we reached the garden, Don Pedro
" assumed a tone so reserved, and his
" manners

" manners were so mild and respectful, " that all my embarrassments was dis- " pelled, and I resigned myself without " scruple or confusion to the pleasure of " listening to him, and tasting all the " charms of the surrounding scenery. A " beautiful and clear moon embellished " by its soft rays a most delightful gar- " den; the pure and melancholy tint ex- " panded on every object its transparent " and mysterious veil, without concealing " the beauties of nature to make the " attraction more striking. To ravish us, " it need only be seen; it is then that " our imagination enjoys, and fancy de- " corates the scene agreeable to her own " pleasure. Seated on a mossy bank " surrounded with odoriferous flowers, " and but a few paces from a cascade, I

" listened

" listened to Don Pedro and the silence
" of the night; the murmur of the stream,
" which united with his voice, vibrated
" on my ear the delicious harmony of the
" accents of love. This dangerous night
" irrevocably decided my fate: seduced
" by such new emotions, I yielded to the
" passion which I had inspired, but
" yielded without partaking.

" After such an irreparable wandering,
" how terrible is the return of reason!

" The dawn approaching, Don Pedro
" renewed to me his most passionate
" vows, and tore himself from me. I
" was alarmed on finding myself alone;
" and no longer hearing the seducing

" voice:

" voice of love, was compelled to listen
" to the terrible dictates of consci-
" ence:—trembling, and in a conster-
" nation, I remained fixed on the spot
" like a statue; as the darkness by
" degrees vanished, I felt my confusion in-
" crease. I thought that the effulgent rays
" of day, which awakened my mind as
" well as my sight, discovered to me the
" crime which darkness had hitherto
" concealed. The surrounding objects
" had now no longer any charms to me,
" and only reminded me of my shame.
" After a few minutes I arose without any
" other design than that of leaving a spot
" so grievous to my recollection. I cross-
" ed the lawn, and perceiving two gar-
" deners, could not forbear shuddering
" at the sight, fancying as it were that

" those

"those men had witnessed my shame.
"I then precipitately entered a long alley
"of plantain trees, and walking under
"their shady branches, I rested myself
"on one of the seats. There I gave a
"free course to my tears: 'Now,' said I
"to myself, 'I am become an outcast for
"ever from that class of women whose
"conduct and virtue does honour to the
"sex. . . . I flattered myself I was free;
"but that fatal bond is not yet broken!
"—What do I say? Heavens! from
"the bottom of my soul I always wished
"that this ill-fated union might be con-
"ciliated and rendered indissoluble. . . .
"and I myself have cancelled it! . . . and
"love alone is not a sufficient excuse for
"such guilty errors!' As I said these words,
"a torrent of tears ran in streams down

"my

"my countenance. I felt so severe a
"shock, that I was obliged to lean
"against the trunk of a tree: an uncon-
"querable thirst caused me to wish to re-
"turn into the house, but I dared not
"venture to enter it; and recollecting
"that the gardener's lodge was at the
"end of where I was, I arose to go and
"get a glass of water. On arriving near
"the cottage, I saw the door opened, and
"accordingly entered; I traversed two
"small rooms, and without meeting any
"person; at length I perceived the
"gardener's daughter in a sort of alcove,
"a young person about my age, kneeling
"before a cross, so placed that her back
"was turned towards me: she was say-
"ing her prayers with so much attention
"and devotion, that she had not heard

"me

" me enter, and therefore was not at all
" disturbed. I stopped to look at her,
" and thus contemplating, innocence and
" piety caused me the most heart-rend-
" ing sensations; emotions the more
" painful, as they were entirely new to
" me! I felt how much I was sunk and
" fallen in a few hours. My admiration
" for virtue was now no more than a
" sentiment of affliction mixed with re-
" morse and envy; and without speaking
" to the young girl, I hastily quitted
" the cottage, and locked myself up in
" my own chamber. At ten o'clock a
" letter was brought me by the post,
" on which I recognized the Count's
" seal; I opened the letter tremblingly,
" and read the following.

" My

"My dear Diana,

"I think you have sulked long enough;
"it is time you should return, after eight
"months absence: come, and rejoin a
"friend and *husband* who loves you, and
"who wishes sincerely to make you hap-
"py. I send you at the same time a
"letter from your grandfather, who is
"returned from Lisbon, and who is
"astonished, and with reason too, at so
"long an absence. He exhorts you no
"longer to delay your return."

"The letter from the Duke de Men-
"doce informed me, that he had just re-
"turned from a journey, and that he
"very much disapproved of my taste for
"retirement. He understood from my
"letters

" letters, which were all purposely writ-
" ten in vague terms, that I was not alone
" in the country, and that the Count was
" often there with me. But now being
" undeceived, he positively ordered me
" to return, without delay, to Madrid.

" These letters crushed me. Just
" Heaven! exclaimed I, he recalls me;
" he desires me, and is ready to acknow-
" ledge his wrongs, and wishes to repair
" them. I might have extricated him
" from vice, and again attached him to
" me! . . . . him whom I so much lo-
" ved, and whom I still perhaps love!
" He whom I had chosen, and who re-
" ceived my first vows at the foot of the
" altar, now recalls me! Alas! 'tis too
" late! an unaccountable fate imposes on

"me the strange duty of sacrificing to my "seducer, the husband whom Heaven has "destined for me. Disgraced by an irreparable crime, I broke the sacred vow "I had made, the vow which I had cherished! . . . . I am no longer my own "mistress; and the sentiment which I "harboured in my heart for the object I "loved from my infancy, that sentiment "which but yesterday rendered me an "object of interest, because, although "unhappy, it was legitimate, is to-day become inconsistent and criminal! . . . . "Such is the terrible effect of a momentary error upon the whole of our "life! And yet having never, in one "instance, resisted my grandfather's will, "I made up my mind to return to Madrid; but I was terrified in reflecting

"on

" on the scenes which there would offer
" themselves to my view. Determined to
" demand the disannulment of my mar-
" riage, I felt how much I stood in need
" of advice; and I could only refer to him
" who had now become the sole arbiter
" of my fate. Don Pedro told me, that
" the only step that I could reasonably
" take was to go immediately to my
" grandfather, to apprise him of the con-
" duct of the Count towards me, and to
" declare that, as I had been rejected by
" him, and he had never considered me
" as his wife, I no longer thought him en-
" titled to that right he had renounced.
" I promised to follow his plan, and I
" sat off the next morning at day-break.
" By degrees, as I approached Madrid, I
" felt my courage fail and forsake me.

 " Naturally

" Naturally of a timid disposition, what
" did I not feel in such a situation!
" What was I to answer to the Duke of
" Mendoce, if he should conjure me to
" forgive those wrongs which I thought
" fit to conceal during a whole year, and
" to which I only became inflexible at the
" moment they were to be repaired?
" Should I acknowledge to him my weak-
" ness and my engagements with Don Pe-
" dro? Certainly not. I much dreaded
" the indignation of my virtuous grand-
" father: how should I be able to bear
" his reproaches and his sorrow?. . . .
" These thoughts overpowered me,
" and plunged me in the most painful
" indecision; and I arrived at Madrid
" without knowing whether I should have
" the courage of resisting the wishes of

" my grandfather, or even to speak to
" him.

" When I entered the street where the
" Duke of Mendoce lived, and on per-
" ceiving his mansion, that peaceful abode
" where I had passed the joyous years of
" my infancy, these tender ideas of in-
" nocence and tranquillity rekindled in
" my soul all the sentiments of repent-
" ance and remorse. . . . . Oppressed,
" pale, and trembling, I alighted from
" the carriage, and I was sensibly struck
" at the sorrow which I perceived imprint-
" ed on every countenance. I enquired,
" and was informed that my grandfather,
" having been a long time labouring un-
" der a dangerous complaint, had suf-
" fered so much during the last four-and-

 " twenty

" twenty hours, that he had resolved to
" undergo a most painful operation, which
" was to take place the next day. This in-
" telligence grieved me deeply, although
" at the same time it afforded me the
" consolation to think that I had a rea-
" sonable pretext to delay making any
" declaration for six weeks at least.

" I ascended the staircase to visit the
" apartment of my grandfather. What
" were my feelings on seeing the Count
" Montalde! He came to meet me,
" and stedfastly looking at me, consi-
" dered me with an air of surprise.
" My figure in truth might have asto-
" nished him, as I had grown much
" taller, and was otherwise much impro-
" ved: the marks of the small pox had en-
" tire-

"tirely disappeared; my hair had grown
"again; in short, I no more resembled
"the woman he had espoused, and whom
"he had treated with so much cruelty
"and disdain. He affectionately offered
"me his hand, and proposed to go in
"with me to my grandfather. I trem-
"bled; he smiled, and embraced me:
"I shuddered, and was nearly fainting.
"At that moment the Duke's physician
"came, at his request, to seek us; I
"collected all my strength, to follow.
"We only staid with my grandfather
"about an hour and a half, when he
"dismissed us; and the Count, offering
"me his arm, led me out. I was so
"much agitated, that I scarcely retained
"any recollection; however, on getting
"out of the Duke's chamber, I stopped,

 "declaring

" declaring that I would stay in the
" house. 'What childishnes!' said the
" Count to me. 'My uncle has no oc-
" casion for your services during the
" night; we will return to-morrow morn-
" ing early: come, let us go.'—In say-
" ing these words he led me on, and I
" could make no resistance before so
" many attendants. All my powers for-
" sook me, and I suffered myself to be
" led away. We descended the staircase;
" the Count's carriage drew up, and I
" entered it along with him. It was al-
" ready quite dark: the Count could not
" see me, but he heard me sob, which
" he attributed to the state I had found
" my grandfather in. He endeavoured
" to console me with much tenderness,
" and with a tone of so much sensibility

" as

" as to affect me deeply, as he had never
" before used it towards me. While he
" was speaking to me, I shuddered at the
" thought of being alone with him: his
" confidence pierced my soul; I consider-
" ed my silence as a perfidy, and yet was
" bereft of the power of speech: at
" length, to make up the measure of my
" woes, I forgot, at that moment, all his
" wrongs and all his vices. Seduced as
" it were by the kindness of his expres-
" sions, and by the charms of a voice
" which once was so dear to me,
" I now beheld him only as a lo-
" ver whom I had abused, and as a
" husband whom I had betrayed. I felt
" the most sorrowful sensations on en-
" tering his palace; that house where I
" could no longer consider myself but as

" a stranger; and as we approached the
" saloon, I heard the voice of Don Sancho,
" which at once re-inspired me with con-
" fidence. Our tête-à-tête being broken
" in upon by the latter, though I internally
" preserved my grief; I assumed courage
" enough to dissimulate. Don Sancho
" evinced also a great deal of sur-
" prise on seeing me; he had written
" many times to me to solicit my permis-
" vion to sisit me in my solitude, and had
" always received the most positive re-
" fusal. As he had just returned from a
" long journey, the Count and he con-
" versed together for some time in a low
" tone; they afterwards drew near me;
" but Don Sancho spoke but little, and
" looked at me earnestly. The Count
" seemed amiable, and for the first time

" appeared

" appeared desirous of pleasing. I was
" troubled, vexed, and answered only in
" monosyllables.—Immediately after sup-
" per I retired to own my chamber; and,
" on dismissing my woman, threw my-
" self into an arm chair. I endeavoured
" to collect my thoughts, and maturely
" to consider in what manner I should
" announce my resolution to the Count.
" I resolved to write to him; but, just as
" I was reaching the ink-stand, I heard a
" noise behind me. I turned round;
" and, on seeing the Count Moncalde,
" gave a loud shriek, and sunk back
" into my arm chair. 'Wherefore this
" 'terror?' said he, in seating himself near
" me. Oh! exclaimed I, my surprise . . .
" I can say no more.—'But,' replied
" the Count, smiling, 'is there any thing

 " 'surprising

" 'surprising that a husband should come
" 'and see his wife?' — " A *husband!*
" no, you are not mine."—' But I wish
" 'to become so; hear me, my dear Di-
" 'ana! I have renounced the intrigue
" 'which separated us; my eyes are
" 'opened, and I return to you.'—" Ah,
" Sir," interrupted I, bursting into tears,
" it was in this chamber, in this very
" place where you now are, where you
" resigned every right to me."—'But re-
" pentance and love ought to return it to
" me.'—" It's too late."—' Explain your-
" self.'—" You rejected and abandoned
" me, and I disposed of myself."—' How?'
" —I no longer deserve the title which
" you offer me. My heart, in spite of
" me, regrets it; but, were I to accept it,
" I should be the vilest of women."—

" 'How?

" 'How! have you accepted a lover?' At
" this question, my sobs redoubled, and
" I remained silent. 'I own,' said the
" Count, 'that I did not expect to hear
" such a confession; but make yourself
" easy,' added he smiling, 'there is no
" great harm in it: I find you infinitely
" more handsome, and you have rid your-
" self of many of your old prejudices;
" and I am certain we shall agree the bet-
" ter for it. I have sacrificed to you a
" most amiable mistress; do you sacrifice
" to me your lover, and let us love each
" other as long as we can. We have no-
" thing to reproach each other with as to
" the past; and let us not trouble ourselves
" about the future. It is only by gratify-
" ing our fancy that we can enjoy happi-
" ness;

" ness ; we will not make ridiculous vows
" and promises ; and renouncing all ro-
" mantic notions, we will get rid of all
" puerile altercations, falsehoods, and
" scandals, and love or quit each other
" without either caring about it."

" During this strange discourse my
" tears ceased to flow ; a just indignation
" and the most profound contempt filled
" my heart, irrevocably destroyed my
" whole sentiments, and restored to meall
" my courage. No, Sir, said I ; Heaven
" has not made us for each other ; I am
" not your wife, and I am fully resolved to
" solicit the disannulment of our marri-
" age, and if I do not obtain it, to separate
" myself for ever." These words, and the

"tone in which they were pronounced,
"caused the Count great astonishment;
"and after a moment's pause, 'Behold,'
"said he with irony, 'yours is certainly
"a great project; but as it cannot be exe-
"cuted without my consent, I shall never
"give it.'—Well, Sir, I will inform my
"grandfather of the whole affair, and
"will entreat him for an asylum, which
"I am sure he will not refuse.—'But
"what proof will you give him of the
"wrongs which you impute to me?'—
"My word.—'I assure you that I shall
"deny every thing.'—It don't matter.
"My grandfather, who knows me, will, I
"am sure, believe me; besides, I have
"two letters of yours, dated from the
"commencement of our marriage, and

" in which you express the most insult-
" ing disdain.' At these words the Count,
" reflecting a moment, 'Will you in-
" form the Duke your grandfather of
" your adulterous intercouse?' said he.—
" I had no husband: I am without doubt
" weak and culpable, but I am no adul-
" teress.—'Who is this lover that you
" prefer to me?'—I did not prefer him: I
" had the misfortune not to love him as
" I did you; but your cruel indifference,
" my youth, my grief, gratitude, and
" perhaps vanity, are the cause of the
" weakness which I now blush at,
" which I ought to have owned to you,
" and which only can be justified by my
" remaining faithful to him who is the ob-
" ject of it.—'I ought at least to be made
" acquainted

" acquainted with his name.'—I have told
" you that I ought to have revealed my
" fault to you immediately on recei-
" ving your letter; but there is nothing
" obliges me to confess my secrets to
" you; we choose for our confidents
" only those whom we esteem.—' This
" air of contempt but ill becomes you! It
" is true that my morals are not very
" strict: this levity only belongs to men;
" but you, who dare tell a husband with
" all possible effrontery that you have a lo-
" ver, do you conceive yourself to be a wo-
" man who deserves esteem?'—No, with-
" out doubt, exclaimed I, weeping, and
" yet I regret the loss of virtue; I never
" endeavoured to justify in my own
" mind an unpardonable fault. But you
" have

" have no right to reproach me: you,
" who ought to have been my guide and
" my Mentor, did not blush to give me
" the most licencious advice.... The
" Count made me no reply; and after
" having reflected for some time, he
" asked me whether I had often seen the
" Duchess d'Olmas. As I remained silent,
" he pronounced the name of Don Pe-
" dro: I blushed, and he guessed my
" secret. He mortally hated Don Pe-
" dro, and I saw his countenance depict
" the most violent malice: he rose, and
" walked about the chamber much agita-
" ted; at length assuming a more mild
" aspect, he spoke to me of the former
" sentiments which I had entertained for
" him, and employed every art of which
" he

" he was master, to re-animate a passion
" which he did not think contempt had
" totally extinguished. But illusion was
" destroyed, for I at length saw all the
" baseness and corruption of his soul;
" besides, I found in all his expressions
" and all the sentiments which he utter-
" ed, something indelicate which would
" have disgusted me, had I still loved him.
" He threw himself at my feet; I tore
" myself from his arms, and ran and
" locked myself up in my dressing-room.
" The next morning Don Sancho asked
" to speak with me; I received him. He
" began by telling me that the Count
" had made him acquainted with every
" thing which I had said; I was extreme-
" ly embarrassed, thinking that Don
" Sancho

"Sancho had been instrumental in my fault; but he spoke to me in such a respectful air, and in expressions so well managed, that I felt all the confidence rekindled within me which he had formerly inspired me with.

"He owned, in asking me the secret, that the Count had represented to him all the inconvenience which would arise from my persisting in my resolution. I interrupted Don Sancho, and assured him that my resolution was irrevocable; when Don Sancho asked me whether it be true that I ventured to tell the Count that I never entertained the least passion for Don Pedro? Yes, replied I, and I told him the

" truth; but I must again repeat, that I
" nevertheless consider myself as irrevo-
" cably engaged to him.' Judge from
" this how faithful I should have been to
" a husband, had I not been treated thus
" with negligence and disdain!:..Don
" Sancho seemed struck with this reflec-
" tion: he renewed to me his protesta-
" tions of pure and inviolable friend-
" ship, and he left me overcome with
" esteem and gratitude for him. In the
" evening he again came to speak to me.
" He told me that the Count wished me
" only to consider for six or seven
" months of the resolution which I form-
" ed, and that if I then still persisted, he
" would give his own consent, and would
" second my design.

" I

"I was not aware of the consequences
"of the Count's artful request. Don
"Sancho, who possessed my confidence,
"advised me to accept of this proposal,
"to which I assented. Don Sancho ap-
"prised me, during this interview, of a
"circumstance which carried my con-
"tempt for the Count to the highest de-
"gree: he told me that the old Duke de
"Moncalde's only son had just died, so
"that the Count was now the Duke's
"heir; and that the old nobleman, being
"extremely desirous that his name should
"not become extinct, had declared to
"the Count, that if he had any children
"he would not deprive him of his right
"of succession; whereas, if he had none,
"he would leave the whole of his pro-
"perty

" perty to one of his relations on his
" mother's side: and by a singular effect
" of chance, that very relation happened
" to be Don Pedro. This motive had
" alone induced the Count to reconcile
" himself with me; and to his avarice
" and insatiable ambition alone, I owed
" that step which I had at first attributed
" to a sense of propriety and repentance.

" As Don Sancho left my apartment,
" Dazeli my page, who was in Don Pedro's
" confidence, entered and gave me a
" letter. I found it came from Don
" Pedro, who having arrived at Madrid
" on that day, had learnt with much vex-
" ation, that instead of remaining in the
" house of my grandfather, according to
" our

" our arrangement, I had removed to the
" palace of Moncalde. Don Pedro en-
" treated me to grant him a short inter-
" view. I wrote to him to give him an
" account of what had passed; I assured
" him of my fidelity, but refused at the
" same time to receive him, adding, that
" I should not see him until my marriage
" had been disannulled. This resolution
" made Don Pedro desperate: he wrote
" me several letters, wherein he painted
" his grief in the most lively colours. I was
" affected and alarmed. His sentiments
" became the dearer to me, as I found
" myself totally isolated. The Count in-
" spired me with nothing but contempt;
" and my union with Don Pedro seemed
" to me the only means of atoning for

" my fault. At length I consented to
" admit him secretly......In vain did
" Don Pedro endeavour to prevail on
" me to retract my promise which I had
" given to the Count, of not taking any
" steps for six months at least, towards
" the disannulment of our marriage I
" had made that engagement, and was
" anxious to keep it. Besides, my grand-
" father was still much indisposed; and
" no consideration on earth would have
" induced me to occasion such an agita-
" tion to him, as this affair must neces-
" sarily have produced. Don Pedro
" was extremely sorry to find that Don
" Sancho had obtained my confidence.
" He mistrusted him; but I spoke to him
" so highly of his manners and proceed-
" ings towards me, that I succeeded in

"changing his opinion of him. Don
"Pedro still required from me that I
"should carefully conceal our secrets
"from the Duchess d'Olmas his sister,
"and he owned to me the reason. A
"marriage which the Duchess was pas-
"sionately desirous of bringing about
"for him was on the carpet. He had
"not been able to conceal from her his
"attachment; but the Duchess, being
"ignorant of my situation and engage-
"ments, flattered herself that her bro-
"ther would get cured of an unfortunate
"passion. Don Pedro, confident that
"she would disapprove of all our pro-
"jects, would not consent to her being
"made privy to them, or even to her
"being informed of the Count's conduct
"towards me; which could not have
"failed

" failed leading her to suspect her bro-
" ther's designs."

" In the mean time Don Sancho en-
" tirely succeeded to gain the confidence
" of Don Pedro, and took upon himself
" to prevail on the Count to consent to
" the breaking off our marriage; he even
" said shortly after, that the Count was
" on the point of consenting. About this
" time the Duchess d'Olmas was seized
" with a dangerous illness on her estate
" in the country; she sent for her bro-
" ther, who set off immediately, leaving
" to Don Sancho the care of our interests.
" The day after Don Pedro's departure,
" the Count told me that he was charged
" with a secret mission to Portugal, and
" would set off very shortly; and ac-

" cordingly I saw him making prepara-
" tions for his journey. I spoke to Don
" Sancho on the subject, who evinced
" a degree of surprise which alarmed me;
" but he refused every sort of explana-
" tion, and kept away for two days. On
" the third he came, apparently much
" alarmed, to acquaint me that he had
" discovered the Count's mission was al-
" together a pretext. 'I will not pretend
" to deny,' added he, 'that I have strong
" 'inducements to believe this falsehood
" 'on his part conceals some sinister
" 'designs against you; but be under no
" 'apprehensions; I shall contrive to find
" 'them out, and disappoint his schemes.
" 'my attachment for you, and friendship
" 'for

" ' for Don Pedro, will make every thing
" ' easy for me to perform.'

" Although I relied with implicit con-
" fidence on Don Sancho, these protes-
" tations did not dispel my alarms : he
" refusing still to impart even his conjec-
" tures to me, I knew not what I had to
" fear, and such ignorance raised my
" terror to an insupportable degree ; for
" thinking the Count capable of doing
" any sort of mischief, I was a prey to the
" most gloomy ideas, which incessantly
" haunted my imagination. The Count
" had been gone already two days, and
" Don Sancho had given me to under-
" stand that he thought him concealed in
" one of the suburbs of the city. My

"grandfather was at his country seat,
"distant about fifteen leagues from Ma-
"drid; I neither durst go and meet him,
"nor leave Don Sancho, whom I looked
"upon as my friend and protector. He
"still inhabited the Count's palace, and I
"was happy to think myself placed un-
"der his care. One morning, on awa-
"king, I received a note from him con-
"taining these words: 'I am compelled
"'to leave you for eight and forty hours,
"'on business relating to yourself; do
"'not be alarmed. I shall be back to
"'morrow evening, if possible.'

"I enquired from the servants, and
"learnt he had set off at midnight. What
"I suffered during his absence, is impos-
"sible for me to describe. He had by
"dint

" dint of infinite artifice obtained consider-
" able ascendancy over me; but senti-
" ments thus unjustly usurped never rest
" on any solid foundation.' In order that
" confidence be unshaken and real, it
" ought to be deserved, and not obtain-
" ed by hypocrisy. Amongst my most
" dreadful apprehensions, I more than once
" imagined that Don Sancho betrayed me
" in concert with the Count; but how
" bitterly did I reproach myself for these
" doubts and suspicions, when I saw
" him return agreeable to his promise!
" On my eagerly enquiring the reason
" for his sudden departure; 'I will not,'
" said he, 'conceal any thing from you;
" 'it is high time that you should be made
" 'acquainted with your present perilous
" 'situation.' This preamble made me

 " shudder.

" shudder. Don Sancho, pursuing his " narration, ' declared to me that he had " discovered that the Count was to take " me away two days after, and convey " me to an estate of his far away from " my women and servants, where I " should be left alone with him. ' Judge, " added he, ' what you would then have " to apprehend from the violence of a " man who has neither principles nor " delicacy, and who, independent of his " misconduct, thinks himself fully enti- " tled to all the rights of a husband!' . . . " 'Oh Heavens!' exclaimed I, 'what shall " I do to escape such dreadful dangers? " . . . Can I not take shelter in a con- " vent?'—'You would not find admittance " there: besides, flight in day-time is " impossible; you are watched'. . .

" ' Suppose

" 'Suppose I were to send my grandfather
" a messenger?'—'Being already apprised
" by the Count, he would deny you a
" shelter, and you could not receive his
" answer for these two days.'—'Oh Hea-
" vens! what will then become of me?'—
" 'You will be protected; I have been to
" see Don Pedro.'—'Is it possible?'—
" 'Here is a note he has given me for you.'
" With a trembling hand I took the let-
" ter; it seemed in fact the hand-writing
" of Don Pedro, but had no date, and
" contained these words only:—'Be not
" 'alarmed: I conjure you to suffer your-
" 'self to be guided by Don Sancho: I
" 'am leaving this place, but we shall soon
" 'see each other again.'—'Well,' said I to
" Don Sancho, 'what am I to do?'—'Set
" off this very night for Italy; Don Pe-

 " dro

" ŭro will meet you on the way: his
" sister being out of danger, he set off
" the moment I quitted him; he will
" conduct you to a convent in Rome,
" and there you will easily obtain your
" divorce. In the mean time I shall
" use my best endeavours with your
" grandfather; and my testimony not
" being suspected, and being in favour of
" truth, justice and friendship, I may
" boldly brave the resentment and hatred
" of Count Moncalde.' The terror which
" the Count inspired me, and the idea of
" being delivered up into his power, blind-
" ed me so much, that I but confusedly
" felt the inconvenience, and the indeco-
" rous and extravagance of the step which
" was proposed to me. However, I
" made some objections which Don San-

" cho-

" cho all answered: taking advantage of
" the dreadful suspense that I was in, he
" wrung from me a consent, and marked
" out the plan which I was to pursue; he
" said I should not take away any of my
" attendants with me, as they were all in
" the interest of the Count; at the same
" time he advised me to make Dazeli my
" page acquainted with the secret; and
" being persuaded of his attachment to
" Don Pedro and myself, I easily consent-
" ed. Don Sancho left me at five o'clock
" in the evening, after having exacted my
" promise that I would set off at midnight.
" He left with me in writing the route I
" should take until the place where he
" was to join me; he dictated to me a
" letter that I was to write to the Count,
" in which I declared to him my flight,

" assuring him that all his pursuits to dis-
" cover me would prove vain; and when
" I went away, I left the letter for him on
" the table.

" As soon as I found myself alone,
" I staggered at the step I was about
" taking. After half an hour's reflec-
" tion, I sent after Don Sancho, with a
" view to break the appointment; but he
" already gone away, and, according to
" our agreement, had already told my at-
" tendants, that, in consequence of a let-
" ter which I had received, it was neces-
" sary I should depart that evening to re-
" join the Count.

" I had not the courage to give counter
" orders, but I sent and entreated one of

" my relations immediately to come to
" me. She was a very respectable per-
" son, who enjoyed in my family a great
" and just share of confidence. I re-
" solved to make a kind of half confident
" of her, as, after we have once committed
" a fault, we become suspicious, and sel-
" dom repose an entire confidence in any-
" person. I meant to place myself under
" her protection until the return of my
" grandfather, and the same evening to
" take up my abode at her house. They
" returned at ten o'clock; and brought me
" word she was in the country. . . . I
" could have applied to another lady of
" my relations; but she being an austere
" woman, of a superior mind, I feared
" her principles and penetration; besides,
" I knew that she was rather prejudiced
" against

" against me, as my connection with Don
" Pedro had already begun to be spoken
" of. How much did I feel now the
" unhappy effects of having to reproach
" myself with having committed a great
" crime! With a pure conscience I should
" neither have had the irresolution nor ti-
" midity which now brought on my ruin;
" but situated as I was, I did not place
" confidence in any person's support: I
" looked for none, and all my resolution
" forsook me. At half past eleven, on my
" hearing the post-chaise which Don San-
" cho had provided, enter the court-yard,
" I was struck with terror. . . . At mid-
" night Dazeli came in, and acquainted
" me that every thing was ready. I arose,
" and taking hold of Dazeli's arm, I tra-
" versed the apartments, and descended

" the

" the staircase. On approaching the
" carriage, I felt myself so weak, that I
" was ready to faint. Dazeli supported
" me, and I entered the carriage, where
" I immediately burst into tears: and, on
" the carriage leaving the court-yard, I
" felt my heart broken; not that I retain-
" ed the least attachment for the Count—
" I hated him now as much as I had
" loved him before: but my mind was
" agitated with the most dreadful presenti-
" ments, and I thought I foresaw the most
" afflicting consequences........ The car-
" riage drove off very swift, and pre-
" sently I perceived that we were in the
" street where my grandfather resided,
" and were about passing his palace. At
" this view I took a little courage; and
" thinking this moment might yet save
" me,

" me, I conceived the design of taking " shelter in the house of my grandfather, " and placing myself under the protec- " tion of the servants he had left. I pre- " cipitately looked out of the carriage " window, and called out for the postil- " lions to stop. At this moment my fate " seemed as if it were suspended. Da- " zeli was a great way before, and at a " distance from the carriage. Whether " it be that the postillions did not hear me, " or whether they had received special " orders not to stop; they went on with " such rapidity, that I soon found myself " beyond the gates of the city. 'It is " done!' exclaimed I; nothing now can " save me; I am irrecoverably dragged " away far from my country and my " friends. Oh! that I had but misfor-

" tune

" tune to fear! but I am running to meet
" shame, and every step seems to increase
" my sorrow and my repentance!"

" A more terrible idea suddenly ab-
" stracted me from these gloomy thoughts.
" I thought that the Count (who, having
" set spies about me, could not fail to be
" acquainted with my flight) would cause
" me to be pursued; I therefore called
" out to Dazeli, and I pressed him to
" hurry the postillions. About one o'clock
" the carriage stopped before a cottage,
" where we were to change horses, and
" to meet Don Sancho. Although I was
" acquainted with this before, yet I star-
" tled on quitting the carriage (which re-
" turned to Madrid), on my entering this
" dreary abode.

" A strange

"A strange man now approached me, "and taking me by the hand, led me across "a yard. The silence and darkness of the "night caused a great trembling in me; "however, Dazeli followed me; and in my "situation that idea somewhat relieved me. "I now looked upon a young page of se- "venteen as my protector. Don Sancho "was waiting for me in a barn, in which "there was a small lamp burning on the "floor. He made me sit down next to "him on a bench, while Dazeli remained "at some distance from us. I followed "him with my eyes, in order that if I "found he made any attempt to quit the "barn I might call him back; but he "placed himself against the wall, and "staid there. Don Sancho told me, "that it would be necessary for us to tra- "vel night and day, until we should ar-

"rive

" rive at our place of destination, where
" we were to meet Don Pedro. He re-
" peated to me, that Don Pedro had pro-
" vided me with a trusty woman, who was
" devoted to him, and whom he had en-
" gaged to accompany me to Rome; ad-
" ding, that as soon as he had placed me
" under the care of Don Pedro, he would
" hasten back to Madrid, and inform my
" grandfather of the whole proceeding.
" 'But,' continued he, 'you may de-
" 'pend that we shall be pursued to-mor-
" 'row, as soon as it is day; and not-
" 'withstanding the fictitious name which
" 'Dazeli has assumed, he perhaps will
" 'be the means of our discovery: it is
" 'therefore absolutely necessary that we
" 'should separate for a few days, and he
" 'can rejoin us by some other road. As
" 'for

" 'for myself, it is not known that I am
" 'with you; you will get into another
" 'carriage, when I will assume the cha-
" 'racter as your postillion.'—The only
" circumstance which struck me in this
" conversation, was his urging the neces-
" sity of my parting with Dazeli; but
" Don Sancho insisted on this in such
" positive terms, that I yielded at last,
" although very reluctantly, particu-
" larly also as Dazeli evinced the
" same affliction on receiving this injunc-
" tion from me. I was forced into a post-
" chaise; and Don Sancho, mounting one
" of the horses, was in fact my only pos-
" tillion. The carriage was light built;
" and, although we had but two horses,
" we proceeded with such rapidity, that I
" was frightened, as even the least trivial
" circumstance

" circumstance now increased my alarm.
" We passed over a kind of moor, where I
" could neither see a village nor a single
" cottage. In the middle of the night, in
" such a solitude, alone with a conduc-
" tor whom in spite of myself I still feared,
" I became but too well aware that my
" destruction was sought for. . . . We
" found relays of horses nearly every
" hour; the horses were changed, and
" Don Sancho retained his new character.
" Every time that we stopped he alighted,
" and came to speak to me at the door,
" which created within me a kind of ter-
" ror, always imagining that he was go-
" ing to unfold something terrible to me.
" When he spoke to me, he endeavoured
" to soothe my apprehensions; but I always
" found myself embarrassed when thus

" in

" in conversation with him. Independent
" of the suspicion with which he inspired
" me, I felt a lively resentment; I could
" not forgive him for having persuaded
" me to elope. I dared not venture
" to upbraid him with it, and it was
" this constraint which rendered his
" conversation insupportable. I impa-
" tiently hoped for day-light; and when
" it arrived, it only augmented my sor-
" rows. I now plainly perceived that
" we were on an extensive plain, and at a
" distance beheld a lone house, the sight
" of which terrified me, particularly as I
" saw Don Sancho directing his course
" that way, and we had but just chan-
" ged horses. When we were but a hun-
" dred paces from it, I wanted to open the
" door, and throw myself under the car-
" riage,

" riage, but I could not effect it. At
" that instant Don Sancho stopped before
" the door, but it was only to get some
" bread, milk, and fruit. This ill-founded
" suspicion served at least somewhat to
" allay my terrors during the rest of
" the journey: I even endeavoured to
" take some sleep, but nevertheless my
" disquietude always increased towards
" the approach of evening. We now
" changed our horses less frequent-
" ly, and went on but at a slow pace;
" and during the night Don Sancho no
" longer alighted to speak to me. When
" our mind is agitated by fear, every
" change or novelty presents us with
" some dreadful apprehension.

" It was now about ten o'clock in the
" evening, in a fine clear moonlight
" night, when I perceived we were near
" a forest, towards which Don Sancho
" seemed directing his course. I shud-
" dered at the thought of our passing
" through so dangerous a place; but,
" heavens! what were my feelings when,
" the moment we entered the forest, I be-
" held two men on foot, masked, darting
" on the horses, seizing the bridle, and
" stopping us! I gave a piercing shriek:
" Don Sancho seemed to make some
" resistance; and I remained petrified and
" motionless, on hearing the report of a
" pistol. Don Sancho staggered; the
" assassins tore him from his horse, and
" laid him upon the grass, uttering these
" terrible words, *He is dead.* I threw my-
" self

"self on my knees in the carriage, only
"thinking of God and death, as I had
"not the least doubt but in a few mo-
"ments I should share the same fate.
"One of the ruffians mounted Don San-
"cho's horse, while the other came and
"opened the carriage door: I conceived
"that moment to be my last. . . . He
"lifted me up, and placing me again on
"my seat, sat himself next to me; and
"the carriage, conducted by his accom-
"plice, drove off. I confess, that no
"longer apprehending any design on my
"life, at least for the present, I felt a sort
"of joy; but soon the horrors of my si-
"tuation presented themselves before me
"under the most terrific aspect, in be-
"holding myself in the power of these
"assassins, who, no doubt, either acted

" under the direction of the Count, or
" perhaps he was one of them himself.
" The person who sat by me in the car-
" riage had neither the form nor figure of
" Count Moncalde; but his companion,
" who conducted us, seemed to me to re-
" semble him perfectly. We proceeded
" very slowly, which made me imagine
" that the ruffians expected some rein-
" forcement. Overcome by fright, I did
" not attempt the least motion, and my
" tongue was totally bereft of utterance.
" The person who was seated next to me
" in the carriage observed a profound si-
" lence also; he watched me attentively,
" holding a pistol in his right hand. Had
" we traversed a village, or passed before
" a cottage, I might perhaps have sum-
" moned resolution enough to call some

" one to my assistance; but in this gloo-
" my forest what succour could I hope
" for? We remained in the forest about
" two hours, then entered an extensive
" heath. I gazed on the mild and pure
" light of the moon with horror; I could
" perfectly distinguish the man who ser-
" ved for postillion, and was confirmed
" in my opinion that it was the Count
" Moncalde himself. The idea that he
" had just murdered the unfortunate Don
" Sancho increased my terror. I repre-
" sented to myself the unhappy man,
" deprived of life on my account, and ly-
" ing extended on the highway at the en-
" trance of the forest. This distressing
" idea made me forget my own situation
" for a moment, and my tears flowed
" abundantly. In the midst of these dis-

 " mal

" mal and dreary thoughts, the disappoint-
" ment of Don Pedro added to my ex-
" isting sufferings: nevertheless, although
" I had conceived a true attachment for
" Don Pedro, I never had entertained for
" him a serious passion, and from the
" bottom of my heart harboured some
" degree of resentment against him: he
" had overturned all my ideas. Without
" considering him as my seducer, his
" passion being most pure and constant,
" without regretting the Count, whom I
" had long despised, and now totally ab-
" horred, I could not help thinking that
" had it not been for Don Pedro I should
" have preserved my innocence and my
" reputation. I never had consented to
" elope with him, but with the greatest
" repugnance, as I had not sufficient time

" allowed

" allowed me to reflect on the temerity
" of such a step; I soon after forcibly felt
" the imprudence and the shame which
" were its consequences; and these reflec-
" tions somewhat diminished the despair
" I felt at finding myself in the Count's
" power. Having made up my mind ra-
" ther to die than yield to him the rights
" of a husband, I flattered myself I
" should escape his violence, and satisfy
" his avarice by surrendering to him all
" my wealth. Alas! I was far from con-
" ceiving the cruel fate which the hatred,
" vengeance, and fury of a barbarian had
" prepared for me! However, on a sud-
" den we stopped in the midst of a de-
" sert plain, and in about half an hour
" I heard behind us the noise of horses,
" which I soon found to be the relays

" which had arrived. Here we were joined
" by a third person masked like the other
" two, who was completely enveloped
" in a cloak that did not permit the least
" part of his face to be seen, and mount-
" ed on a horse, while he led another.
" After having changed horses, he took
" the place of him who I thought so much
" resembled the Count; the latter took
" away the horses which we had left, and
" I regained some strength and courage
" on seeing him disappear. Our new
" guide drove with the greatest rapi-
" dity: at length I ventured to put a
" question to the person who sat by me,
" by asking him, whose hands I had
" fallen into, and whither are they leading
" me?—' To your grandfather's castle,'
" answered he in a low tone of voice.

" ' And

" 'And who has caused me to be detain-
" ed?'—'Your grandfather.'—'Oh, my
" grandfather never gave any orders to
" murder the unfortunate Don Sancho!' to
" which I received no answer. From that
" moment I never spoke again; and my fu-
" rious conductor, still holding his pistol
" in his hand, did not utter a single word.
" We continued our journey the rest of the
" night without stopping: on the ap-
" proach of day the postillion tied his
" horses to a tree and alighted, in order
" to obtain a supply of bread, fruit, and
" water. In about three quarters of an
" hour he returned with his mask on; and
" the person who sat by me alighted,
" without doubt to take something be-
" hind the carriage. During this inter-
" val the postillion staid at the door: as

 " soon

" soon as my conductor re-entered the
" carriage, the postillion mounted his
" horses, and we continued our journey.
" My conductor was very careful of keep-
" ing the blinds shut, so that no one
" could perceive us, and that it
" was likewise impossible for me to see
" any thing out of the carriage. All these
" precautions terrified me exceedingly,
" when suddenly my conductor drew a
" letter from his pocket, which he gave
" to me; and how can I describe my
" emotions, when I recognised the writing
" to be that of my grandfather? On open-
" ing it, I found the following to be the
" contents:

" 'You are the most guilty of women!
" 'however, if you will suffer yourself

" 'to be conducted, without resistance,
" 'you have nothing to fear; obey, sub-
" 'mit, and you shall still find me an in-
" 'dulgent parent.

" After I had read it, I burst into a
" flood of tears, thinking they were really
" conveying me to my grandfather's, and
" consequently felt less terrified. How-
" ever, I was extremely alarmed lest the
" intention of my grandfather should be
" to deliver me into the hands of the
" Count: but at length I flattered my-
" self that I should interest his feelings,
" by giving him a sincere account of my
" sorrowful history, which hope afforded
" me great consolation.

" We travelled the whole day, and on
" driving through a village I remarked
" that the postillion redoubled his pace:
" I was much tempted to call out for
" assistance. On my offering to open
" the door, my furious guard immedi-
" ately clapped his pistol to my breast,
" and I remained petrified with horror...
" At dusk we passed through another
" large village, but I did not attempt to
" make the least effort. My sufferings
" were extreme on hearing persons all
" around me walking and talking; I
" thought that if I could but implore their
" assistance, they certainly would both
" protect and deliver me. Oh! how
" anxiously I wished, that by some acci-
" dent the carriage might break down;

" but

" but notwithstanding all my wishes, no-
" thing delayed our journey.

" At ten o'clock in the evening I was
" permitted to open the windows, and
" let down the blind. We were at that
" moment passing though a very wild
" country, and the sight of the starry
" heavens awakened all my grief. To-
" wards midnight I perceived a great
" building, which, on looking at with
" attention, I discovered to be a castle:
" but, instead of entering the avenue
" which led to the drawbridge, the pos-
" tillion drove along the ditch and stop-
" ped before a small gate. I started....
" 'Where are we?' said I in a trembling
" voice.—'At one of the castles of your
" 'grandfather.'—" On saying these

" words my guard alighted from the " chaise, and offered me his hand. Pe- " trified with the most gloomy terror, I " could neither move nor speak, when " my guard forced me from the carriage. " I endeavoured to make some resist- " ance, but in vain: the postillion, who " had again resumed his mask, which I " suppose he had pulled off during the " day, took me in his arms, but with " manners far more mild than his accom- " plice. He did not speak a word, and " I perceived with surprise that he trem- " bled. 'Oh!' exclaimed I, " if you are " sensible to pity, be my deliverer; save " me, and conduct me to Madrid.' A " deep sigh was his only answer. Du- " ring this time my guard was opening " the small gate, and wanting to take me

" from

" from the hands of the postillion; but
" the latter pushed him away, and car-
" ried me into a kind of back yard. When
" I heard the door close upon us, I ut-
" tered a lamentable shriek: my savage
" guard now approached me, and shewed
" me his pistol; but the postillion struck
" him a blow with his hand, which levelled
" him to the ground. This incident re-
" doubled my confidence; I again re-
" peated my solicitations; but the same
" silence was observed, and I was only
" answered with sighs. . . . I was carried
" into a small pavilion in the garden,
" which stood near a massy rock. We
" waited for some time at the door for
" his accomplice, who came in about a
" quarter of an hour, carrying a lan-

" tern.

" tern. I was nearly fainting; a vio-
" lent palpitation nearly deprived me of
" all my strength. We entered the pa-
" vilion, and crossing two rooms, we
" we stopped in the third, where they
" placed me in an arm-chair. The pos-
" tillion then drew his companion aside,
" and, after speaking to him in a low
" tone, seemed preparing to depart. I
" conjured him to stay, but he took no
" notice of me, and disappeared. On
" finding myself left alone, and locked up
" in this small chamber with a brutal
" guard, whom I so much feared, I was
" extremely agitated. 'Oh! Heavens!' ex-
" claimed I, 'where am I? and what will
" they do with me?'—'I have told you
" before, that you are at your grand-
" father's.'

" father's.' In uttering these words with
" a voice which was still more disgusting,
" the person who thus spoke to me pulled
" off his mask, and I was struck with
" astonishment on my recognising my
" old duenna, the odious Leonora. She
" then assumed a more tender tone, and
" still assured me, that I was at my grand-
" father's: but I saw her eyes sparkle
" with the malignant joy which she ex-
" perienced at having me in her power.
" I had dismissed her a few months be-
" fore; she was unprincipled and vin-
" dictive, and her presence convinced me
" that I had strange persecutions to ex-
" pect. I endeavoured to conceal my
" fears, and asked her some questions.
" I enquired at first, whether I might ex-

" pect

" pect to see the Count Moncalde? To
" which she answered, that he was at Ma-
" drid, and would not come unless I
" wished to be reconciled to him; add-
" ing, that I should see my grandfather
" in a very few days. Could I have given
" any credit to what she said, these
" answers would have satisfied me.
" She assured me, that the person who
" killed Don Sancho was a serjeant in the
" King's guards, who had received orders
" to take me by main force from any per-
" son who should wish to rescue me.
" She concluded by saying, that the last
" postillion who drove us was a squire
" of my grandfather's. As there was
" some degree of probability in this ac-
" count, it restored me to some shadow
" of

"of tranquillity: I consented to lie
"down, Leonora lying by me; and
"the exceeding fatigue which I had un-
"dergone, procured me a few hours of
"refreshing sleep."

CHAP. XXII.

" The next day Leonora repeated the " same account as she had given me " the evening before. Having passed a " tranquil night, and having seen nothing " of the Count, I was induced to place " more confidence in what she said. I " expressed a desire to her of taking a " walk in the garden; but she declared " to me, that she had orders not to suffer " me to quit the chamber until the ar- " rival of my grandfather. I tried that

" day

" day to obtain my liberty by promising
" Leonora every thing which could tempt
" a sordid and avaricious soul; but she
" only answered me with a disdainful
" sneer, which mortified me exceedingly.
" After dinner she left me alone for about
" two hours, but carefully locked the
" door. I attentively examined the spot
" where I was, and perceived at the other
" extremity of the room a door which I
" could not open. I questioned Leo-
" nora, who told me it led into a gallery
" which conducted to a cave.—' Would
" ' you wish to see the cave,' said she,
" ' which is both spacious and curious?'
" At these words she drew from her
" pocket a large key, fastened to a blue
" ribbon, and went towards the door to
" open it. I stopped her by saying, that
" I had

" I had not the least desire to see the " cave. ' She did not insist on it, and it " was mentioned no more. As I had no- " thing to expect from her kindness, any " proposal which she made me seemed " suspicious; but although I was far " from suspecting the black design which " she harboured, I still had some vague " apprehensions that she would conduct " me to some place where I should meet " the Count Moncalde. I therefore did " not hesitate to refuse following her.

" Thus alarmed, my terrors grew still " more tormenting during the night, per- " suaded that the Count would come and " surprise me through that door. What " still more confirmed me in this idea " was, that the one had no bolts within- " side of the chamber that I was in, while

" the

" the one that I entered had two:
" however, as this second night passed as
" quietly as the first, I found myself
" more easy the next morning. Leo-
" nora, according to custom, left me
" after dinner; about a quarter of an
" hour after, as I paced my chamber, I
" perceived a letter lying on the ground,
" which was unscaled, and addressed to
" Leonora; I picked it up, and hastened
" to read it: it was in the hand-writing
" of the Count, and the following were
" the contents:

" 'I shall arrive Tuesday, between
" 'twelve and two in the morning, and
" 'shall enter by the opening of the cave
" 'which leads into the garden; I shall
" 'cross the cave and ascend the stair-

" 'case,

" 'case, and traversing the small gal-
" 'lery, come to the door of her cham-
" 'ber: be careful that you make no
" 'noise when you open the door. As
" 'soon as I shall enter, do you quit the
" 'room and go into the cave, the door
" 'of which I shall leave open. Do not
" 'forget the sleeping draught; be vigi-
" 'lant and exact; read this letter over
" 'and over again, and be careful of
" 'it, that you may return it me on
" 'Tuesday.'

" After having read this letter, I was
" seized with such horror that I remained
" motionless for some minutes. . . . It was
" the next day that this black conspiracy
" was to be carried into execution: I en-
" deavoured to collect all my strength, in
" order

" order to consider what method I could
" best pursue in such extremity. I at
" first resolved to dissemble, threw the
" letter under a chair, near the door,
" and reflected on the best means to save
" myself. I could think of no other than
" by stealing the key of that door which
" conducted to the cave: as the letter
" said that there was an outlet into the
" garden, I was in hopes to be able to
" make my escape by that passage. When
" I heard Leonora returning, I was pacing
" my room in great agitation, and I trem-
" bled so much, that I was obliged to sit
" down. She did not seem to notice me,
" as she appeared much troubled herself.
" She looked all about the room; and on
" seeing the letter lying on the ground,
" she picked it up. I had a book in my
" hand,

" hand, and affected to be reading with a
" great deal of attention: she came up to
" me, and asked me whether I had not
" found a letter? I affected to be sur-
" prised at the question, and Leonora
" immediately reassumed her usual de-
" portment. I was persuaded that she
" had not the least suspicion; and at ten
" o'clock I lay down and feigned to be
" asleep, when Leonora immediately
" placed her portable bed before the door
" through which I had entered; then
" lighted up the lamp, undressed herself,
" and, after she had drawn my curtains,
" I saw her taking a number of things
" from her pocket, among which was the
" great key with the blue ribbon; that
" she put into her table-drawer, and
" which inspired me with great hopes, as

" it was easier to take it from that place
" than from her pocket, or from where
" she usually put it, under her pillow.
" In about a quarter of an hour I heard
" her snoring, when I softly arose, and
" dressed myself in haste. I had had
" the precaution to put some money and
" jewels in my pockets before, as Leo-
" nora had purloined a part of them al-
" ready, under a pretext of taking care
" of them. When I approached the ta-
" ble, my heart beat with such palpitation
" as almost to stop my breath; I then
" opened the drawer; and taking the key,
" I unlocked the door, and passing, lock-
" ed it on the other side without making
" the least noise. I now thought my-
" self safe; and it is impossible to de-
" scribe the emotion of joy which I felt.

 " I soon

"I soon got to a small gallery, at the end "of which I saw a door, which was only "fastened by a hook, and which led to "the staircase of the cave. I had in one "hand a wax taper, while in the other I "carried a little dog, whom I had taken "with me from Madrid, and whom I was "afraid of leaving in the chamber, lest he "should awaken Leonora. I descended "the staircase, which had more than two "hundred steps; it was divided by a "second door, which I also found open, "and I still proceeded; and having gone "down about thirty steps more, I entered "a wide and spacious cave, and was only "occupied in carefully searching the out-"let which led into the garden. I wan-"dered about for a long time in this sub-"terraneous cavern, and not finding

"any

"any passage, I directed my steps to the
"other extremity, which seemed to be
"formed on an ascent. I walked on
"slowly, attentively listening on all sides,
"when I suddenly heard the murmurings
"of a fountain, at the sound of which I
"started for joy, as I did not doubt but
"it proceeded from the garden. I there-
"fore turned to the right, whence the
"sound seemed to proceed; and entered
"into a recess, which formed in the ca-
"vern a sort of gallery about seventy-
"two paces in length, at the bottom of
"which I found a cascade, issuing forth
"from a high rock, which falling among
"a huge heap of large stones, opened to
"itself a passage, and was lost in the gar-
"den. This fountain did not form the
"least rivulet; neither did it occasion the

" least dampness in the cavern. All my " researches proving fruitless, I left this " gallery; there only remained for me " to explore that part of the cavern " which was on the ascent. After ha- " ving proceeded a few steps, I was asto- " nished to perceive myself suddenly " walking on straw mats, and to see that " not only the ground was covered with " them, but that the walls were hung in " the same manner. I advanced; and my " surprise redoubled at perceiving, at a " distance of about fifty paces, a carpet " spread on the mats. . . . I hurried for- " ward, and reaching the extremity, I " remained motionless on perceiving a " bed, one arm-chair, without any other " seat; a table, on which were placed a " bason, a decanter, a cup, a knife and

" fork,

" fork, a pile of plates, and some large
" baskets filled with fruit newly plucked,
" and other refreshments. At the foot
" of the bed I found a large chest half-
" opened, and on looking into it saw
" that it was full of linen and clothes. I
" was seized with a trembling fit; and,
" placing my candle on the table, I sunk
" into the arm-chair, exclaiming, 'Gra-
" cious Heaven! for whom was this dark
" abode prepared? and can no passage
" be found to lead me out of this dismal
" cavern? None!' . . . This idea struck
" me with horror. Though weary with
" having explored this spacious cavern
" for two hours, I was still desirous of
" continuing my researches, in order to
" discover a passage into the garden.
" Besides, I thought my staying in this

" part of the cavern would be like con-
" demning myself to become an inha-
" bitant of this desolate abode. Alas!
" there was no longer any time left for
" me to fly, or to avoid my fatal destiny!
" I arose, and casting a look on the ta-
" ble, I perceived a letter lying near
" the basket; and on reading my name
" outside, and on recognising the hand-
" writing of the Count, my hair stood
" an end. I sunk back into my seat; and
" on opening this fatal letter, I read as
" follows: ' This cavern has but one
" ' door, which is this moment closed
" ' for ever. You will find every day your
" ' provisions near the staircase. They
" ' will be put into a basket, which, fas-
" tened to a cord, will be lowered to
" ' you

" 'you through an aperture left in the
" 'door.'

" Having read the above, I remained
" petrified with surprise and horror.—
" At that moment my taper, which had
" burned down into the socket, went
" out. The profound darkness which
" surrounded me added to my terror; my
" blood felt congealed, as it were, and all
" my faculties remained suspended. My
" mind fixed on this terrible idea alone:
" *the door of this cave is closed for ever!*
" An ardent thirst caused me to emerge
" from this horrible stupor: I sought,
" and found on the table a decanter of
" water. I drank most eagerly; and
" feeling myself extremely sick, after a
" few moments I was led to imagine the

" water I had swallowed was poisoned.
" The idea of so dreadful a crime,
" joined with that of death, filled my
" soul with terror, indignation, and hor-
" ror. . . . . . From this deep cavern I
" tremblingly ventured to implore the
" Almighty! I was guilty; I had as yet
" made no expiation: I therefore prayed
" without hope or fervour. My sickness
" meanwhile went off; I made my watch
" ring; it was five in the morning.—
" 'Alas!' exclaimed I, 'it is broad day-
" 'light above: the sun shines on all, but
" 'will no more shine on me!' As I said
" these words, my dog, who lay asleep
" in my lap, awoke, and licked my
" hands. I burst into a flood of tears
" at the thought that this little animal
" was the only living creature from whom

"I was henceforth to expect any marks "of sensibility. Those tears which ex- "treme surprise had hitherto repressed, "seemed to ease my heart. When we "shed torrents of tears, we grieve, 'tis "true; but we are unable to reflect for "the time, or even to think; and in ex- "treme afflictions this is at least some re- "laxation, if we have not the advantage "of being strengthened by religion.

"The excess of fatigue made me fall "into a kind of lethargic sleep, which "lasted for a few hours, but was fre- "quently interrupted by violent emotions "of terror. I started, fancying I heard "the voice of the Count, for I dreaded "the idea of meeting him unexpectedly, "worse than death itself. At eight

"o'clock I rang my repeater; and soon
" after my dog, who was running about
" the cavern, began to bark. I shud-
" dered; a shrill and loud voice was
" heard in the cave; it was that of Leo-
" nora calling me to the aperture by
" means of a speaking trumpet. I
" understood she had provisions for me;
" but being in utter darkness, I employed
" a considerable time in finding the
" door, although I was guided by my dog,
" who kept running that way, and by the
" sound of the voice that repeated my
" name. Before I reached the aperture
" I perceived a feeble ray of light, and my
" heart eagerly caught at that as a
" glimpse of hope that my liberty was
" going to be restored to me, after put-
" ting me to this severe trial. . . . But all
" was shut; and Leonora, on hearing

" me

" me approach, had hastily retired. I
" only found a basket fastened to a cord,
" which contained a lighted lamp and
" provisions. I had wished for a light;
" but now the lamp did but augment my
" terrors, as it shewed me all the extent
" of my dreary habitation.— I cast
" my eyes all around, and fancied I saw
" futurity enclosing me: meanwhile I
" took the basket with me, carried it to
" the farther extremity of the cavern,
" where my bed stood, which I shall
" henceforth call my apartment; and on
" examining, its contents found a note
" from Leonora, desiring me to fasten an
" empty basket to the cord every even-
" ing; and warning me, that she should
" not call me again, but that a basket,
" filled with provisions, would be let

“ down on the stairs every second morn-
“ ing at five o'clock. The simple and
“ laconic style of this note sufficiently an-
“ nounced that my doom was irretrieva-
“ bly fixed. Besides the cares and at-
“ tentions displayed in the internal ar-
“ rangement of my abode, and the sup-
“ plying me with provisions, no longer
“ left me any doubt. In short, I recol-
“ lected with horror the Count's mean,
“ arrogant, and vindictive disposition.—
“ These ideas chilled me with terror.
“ Seated and fixed like a statue in my
“ arm-chair, I contemplated with a
“ mournful consternation that bed where
“ I was to lie until my last breath.....
“ 'Oh! merciful God!' exclaimed I, 'is
“ 'it on this bed of grief that, deprived
“ 'of every consolation, I am henceforth
“ 'destined

" 'destined to lie every night! Ah!
" 'lassitude indeed may procure me
" 'sleep, but its sweets are for ever gone
" 'from me! Still there, when I awake,
" '(O distracting thought!) there my
" 'last wishes will prove of no avail,
" 'and my last sigh will be breathed in
" 'solitude! . . . There I shall die, bereft
" 'of every assistance of religion, the
" 'comforts of friendship, and most
" 'probably the rites of sepulture!'
" While I spoke thus, a cold sweat drop-
" ped from my forehead, and gloomy de-
" spair took possession of my broken
" soul. Anger and indignation came and
" filled the measure. Count Moncalde,
" that man whom I had so tenderly loved,
" became the object of my hatred. Hor-
" rible sentiment! the more painful for
" me,

" me, as it was vain and fruitless, and na-
" turally contrary to my temper and dis-
" position. I recovered some energy to in-
" voke divine vengeance against him;
" but those are not the prayers which
" prove a source of consolation and forti-
" tude; they do but sharpen our evils,
" and inflict deeper wounds in our heart.
" These first transports of rage over, I
" relapsed into an inexpressible state of
" torpor, which lasted the whole of that
" day. At the approach of night I felt
" such extreme lassitude that I was forced
" to lie down. I shed torrents of tears
" on my pillow, and seemed as if going
" to lie down in my grave. I took up
" my little Azor (that was the name of
" my dog), and yielded to the heavy
" influence which pressed my eyelids
" down. . . .

" down. . . . I slept for a long time, start-
" ing every now and then; and when I
" awoke, Oh, what a train of thoughts
" assailed me, and like a dagger's point
" cleft my heart! I only arose at nine.
" My lamp was not out yet, having
" trimmed it before I lay down: for I had
" found at my bedside several other arti-
" cles of provision which I had not per-
" ceived at first; among which was a
" large bottle of oil, and several pounds
" of wax candles. Although I had been
" informed I should only be supplied
" with provisions every second day, I
" went to the stairs, but found my bas-
" ket had not yet been filled. Having
" expected this, I was not much disap-
" pointed, as I had plenty of provisions
" for that day; and yet the sight of the

"empty basket terrified me, and gave "rise to most gloomy reflections. I "thought with horror that my existence "depended on the will of a barbarian, "or the attention of a mercenary old wo-"man who was entirely devoted to him.

"In the mean time, collecting all "my strength, I began to reflect on my "most deplorable situation, and to seek "with courage and perseverance after "the means of extricating myself, or "at least alleviating the horror of my "captivity. I first discovered, on con-"sidering every circumstance attending "my elopement, and every precaution "which had been taken, that the whole "was a deep mystery, entirely concealed "from my grandfather; and did not doubt

" doubt but that the masked postillion,
" who had killed Don Sancho, was the
" Count himself, which conjecture I since
" found to be true. But who was the se-
" cond postillion, he who evinced some
" marks of sensibility? In vain had Leo-
" nora told me that man was a servant of
" my grandfather's: I too well knew the
" Duke de Mendoce's honourable prin-
" ciples and sentiments, ever to believe
" he would have countenanced such
" violent proceedings. I was confident
" that in order to punish a guilty grand-
" daughter, the laws were the only re-
" source he would have employed. Who
" then could that confidential agent and
" accomplice of the Count be, who had
" never pulled off his mask, and whose
" name was so carefully concealed? This

" I could not guess; but I thought that
" he was certainly ignorant of my capti-
" vity, for having no personal reason to
" persecute me, he would probably have
" protected me: I therefore wished he
" could be made acquainted with my
" situation. Notwithstanding that dread-
" ful letter which apprized me that the
" door of the cavern should never be
" opened again, the more I reflected on
" it, the less could I persuade myself
" that the Count, with all his hard-heart-
" edness, could be capable of persisting
" in such a barbarous course; the very
" singularity of my deplorable case seem-
" ing an argument against the probabi-
" lity of its duration. Before habit has
" made us familiar with a strange situa-
" tion, we still keep thinking it must ex-
" perience

" perience some alteration; indeed the
" extreme singularity of the case alone
" would be sufficient to give us hopes.
" I therefore imagined, that in order to
" obtain my consent to their wishes, they
" were desirous of frightening me, and that
" I ſhould only be confined in the cavern
" but for a few weeks. This idea seemed
" probable to me, but only tended to di-
" minish my terror, but not totally to allay
" it. Besides I was tormented with several
" different kinds of reflections. What
" would the Duke of Mendoce and his fa
" mily think of my flight? What was be-
" come of Don Pedro, after his having in
" vain waited my arrival at the place of
" appointment? Without doubt he was
" totally ignorant of my having been
" thus violently carried away, as well as

" of

"of the death of Don Sancho; perhaps "he might suspect me of inconsistency "and perfidy: means might have been "taken to asperse my reputation and "render me odious to him—this idea distressed me, as I had conceived a tender "attachment for him, and his esteem was "dear to me.—After having exhausted "every conjecture, I took a firm resolution of displaying great fortitude and "unshaken patience, in order to deprive "my enemies of all hope of bringing me "to their terms by such coercive means. "I carefully explored the whole cavern, "which occupation employed me during the whole day. I raised part of "the hangings, and I felt a spark of "joy on discovering a cavern which I had "not yet seen; I was always in hopes

"of

" of meeting with some outlet. It was
" necessary to descend about thirty steps
" in order to reach the bottom: before
" I resolved on this enterprise, I returned
" to my chamber, took a flint and steel,
" two wax tapers, and then returned to the
" cavern. It seemed to me to be so dark,
" the walls so black, that I felt a degree
" of terror which caused me to stop on
" the first step. I fancied that I should
" meet assassins; but on second reflec-
" tion I thought that if any designs were
" entertained against my life, they could
" as easily be accomplished in the cavern
" where I was; I therefore descended,
" and discovered that this cave led to a
" small well covered with a grate which
" opened and shut: this I thought might
" contribute to keep that part of the

" cavern clean, which I nominated my " own apartment; and as I was in hopes " I should stay but a few weeks there, this " discovery afforded me some pleasure; " the more so, as I saw that it had not " been newly dug, but was old, and most " probably must have served to cool the " wine during the summer, the common " practice in this country. I then ascend- " ed, and went to my chamber, where " I carefully examined all the furniture; " I opened a kind of closet, which con- " tained a guitar and a number of mu- " sical books, which I conceived a cruel " insult in my dreary habitation! But " however the guitar became afterwards " very precious to me; and what afford- " ed me the more agreeable surprise was, " that I found in the drawer of the table

" every

" every thing which was necessary for
" writing. I immediately resolved to
" write a letter addressed to the Count
" Moncalde, and put it in the empty
" basket, which I was the next day to
" affix to the cord. I accordingly wrote
" a long letter to the Count, wherein I
" informed him, that violence should ne-
" ver obtain any thing from me; but that
" if he would restore to me my freedom,
" and send me to France or to Italy, I
" would never complain; that I would
" observe an eternal silence upon every
" thing which had passed between us,
" and that I was ready to make every
" sacrifice of wealth or interest which he
" could wish to dictate. I promised my-
" self such success from this letter, that I
" found myself quite tranquil after I had

" written

" written it. I went to bed early, slept " tolerably quiet, and did not awake till " five o'clock the next morning, when " the barking of little Azor apprized me " that my provisions were letting down " in the basket. I arose hastily, and ran to " the door of the cave, where I found the " basket filled with provisions, which ha- " ving emptied, I put my letter into it, " and returned it. I was obliged to wait " several days for an answer, and ima- " gined that the Count perhaps was at his " country seat, and that the door of my " subterraneous abode would be opened " in the course of that week. I passed " the whole of that day and the following " in writing an account of all that had " happened to me ever since my elope- " ment from Madrid; at the expiration

" of

" of which the basket that contained my
" letter was drawn up; and, in anxious
" expectation of receiving the wished-for
" answer, I continued my history. But I
" felt more agitated than the preceding
" day: the nearer I was approaching the
" time that I wished for the answer, my
" hopes insensibly lessened; at length
" the basket, which I had expected
" with so much impatience, made its ap-
" pearance. I joyfully perceived a letter
" under an envelope, which I precipi-
" tately opened, and found nothing but
" my own letter still sealed, and a note
" from Leonora couched in these terms:
" 'My Lord is at Madrid; he has pro-
" 'hibited me from sending him any letters
" 'from you, or executing any commis-
" 'sion by your orders: he commanded
" 'me,

" 'me, if you should make any attempt
" 'in this respect, to declare to you that
" 'your fate was irrevocably fixed, and
" 'nothing in the universe could change
" 'it.'

"The indignation and the resentment
" which I felt, stifled within me the con-
" sternation and grief which otherwise
" this insolent letter must have caused
" me. I reflected now more than ever
" on the barbarous and vindictive cruelty
" of Leonora, and on the artifice which
" she had made use of to decoy me vo-
" luntarily into the dungeon which was
" destined to be my grave.... I trem-
" bled on thinking that I was delivered
" into the power of a woman of such
" character. However, I was not devoid
" of

" of all hopes; I possessed money, two
" rings of considerable value, and some
" other jewels: I was perfectly acquainted
" with Leonora's avarice, and I flattered
" myself by such means I should be able
" prevail on her to write to the Count,
" and to tell him some part at least of
" my letter. I resolved to speak to Le-
" onora through the aperture, and accord-
" ingly proceeded thither at five o'clock
" the next morning. As soon as I saw
" the basket descend, I called to Leonora;
" and though the sound of her voice was
" terrible to me, nevertheless, as I had
" been confined already eight days in my
" horrible dungeon, I felt some sort of
" pleasure in hearing a human voice. Le-
" onora told me that she had received
" strict orders not to speak to me;

 " that

"that henceforth she should not answer "me; and thus precipitately withdrew. "I now no longer knew how to offer my "bribes to my merciless keeper; for al- "though we may offer any thing in con- "versation, it seemed to me both dan- "gerous and difficult to commit it to wri- "ting. Besides, I was not certain that "the Count was absent; perhaps he was "still in the house: it was possible that "he always accompanied Leonora when "she brought me her provisions, in order "to be certain of her fidelity. All these "reflections made me resolve to defer "my propositions. I passed my days ge- "nerally in writing, but I did not read, "as the books which they had given me "were nothing but romances; and in the "situation in which I was, such frivolous

"stuff

" stuff was odious to me. I walked the
" greatest part of the day traversing this
" vast cavern, carrying a small lantern
" in my hand, which they had placed in
" my room; and nothing was more dis-
" agreeable to me than the being under
" the necessity of carrying this lantern
" about with me. I very often placed it
" on the ground to walk to the distance
" to which its rays extended; I gradu-
" ally went beyond it, thus accustom-
" ing myself to walk in total darkness, with-
" out having any object in view. I went
" every evening, and offered up my prayers
" in the cavity of the fountain; the mo-
" tion and the murmuring of the waters
" rendering this spot as agreeable as it
" could be in such a place. Besides, the
" fountain of this little cavern, the pictu-

 " resque

" resque view of the rock from whence
" it issued, the beauty of the cascade,
" would have made it pleasant had it been
" in any other scite; in a garden it would
" have been considered one of its finest
" ornaments.

" After a few days had elapsed, I wrote
" to Leonora, entreating her to let me
" have a prayer-book and other works of
" devotion; which demand was acceded
" to. I after this ventured to put into the
" basket about twenty pieces of gold,
" with a note, in which I thanked Leo-
" nora for her kindness, giving her to
" understand that I still possessed the
" means to reward her for any civilities
" she should shew me. Leonora made me
" a very mild answer; but still repeated

" that

" that she should always remain faithful
" to what she called her duty; but I very
" clearly perceived that my presents had
" the desired effect, that she treated me
" with more attention; and all my hopes
" were again revived. I had been nearly
" three weeks in the cavern, when I
" began to suspect an event, the mere
" idea of which alarmed me beyond de-
" scription. I had reason to believe that
" I bore within me a pledge of my weak-
" ness; this thought at first struck me like
" a thunderbolt. No pleasing emotions
" broke this sudden shock; and I felt no-
" thing but the horror of my situation.
" My imagination offered nothing to me
" but a frightful series of evil, without
" consolation, and without hope: nothing
" presented itself to my sight but terrible

 " suffer-

" sufferings, without help, and the most
" shocking death. I did not at all think
" of the child that was to be borne; for it
" seemed to me impossible, in my aban-
" doned situation, to give existence to a
" living creature. However, my terrors
" were somewhat calmed at the hopes of
" quitting my prison; but those hopes
" became every day more vague and un-
" certain. I now attached infinitely more
" importance to the idea of recovering my
" liberty, and my fears were more in-
" creased at the thought of not being
" able to obtain it.

" I again wrote to Leonora, and con-
" jured her to grant me a moment's con-
" versation, which she consented to, giving
" me a signal that she would knock
" three

" three times at the aperture. I waited
" the whole night, and heard the signal
" at four o'clock in the morning, when,
" without losing any time, I implored her
" her to send my letter to the Count,
" which she peremptorily refused, re-
" peating what she had written to me;
" adding, 'that all that she could do for
" 'me would be to soften my sufferings,
" 'and to allow me every thing that I
" 'could reasonably ask for.'—'Well,
" 'then,' said I, 'pray do tell him that
" 'I wish to go into a convent in France;
" 'and ask him whether he will agree to
" 'that: then be so kind as to let me
" 'know the answer which he gives you:
" 'and be that answer whatever it may,
" 'as soon as I receive it, I will testify my
" 'gratitude by presenting you with one

 " of

" 'of the diamonds which I possess: I
" 'have brought two rings into this
" 'cave, and I shall be very happy in gi-
" 'ving you one as an acknowledgment
" 'of your humanity.' She mused for a
" moment, and at length consented to my
" request. As, in consequence of the in-
" junction which she had received, she
" still did not dare to mention to the
" Count that she had spoken to me, it
" was agreed that I should write a letter
" addressed to her, which she should send
" to the Count; and before she quitted
" me, I presented her with a few more
" pieces of gold. After having waited
" for twelve days, I received the answer
" which the Count had sent to Leonora,
" couched in the following words:

" 'I had

" 'I had prohibited you from speak-
" 'ing to me of that perfidious woman;
" 'and I will never tolerate a second diso-
" 'bedience in that respect. Tell her,
" 'that her fate is irretrievably fixed;
" 'that, after what I have done, it is no
" 'no longer in my power to change it,
" 'without contributing to my own ruin.
" 'Were she even now willing to ex-
" 'piate her offence by a reunion, it
" 'would be impossible for me to consent.
" 'This is no trial; I do not wish or
" 'desire any thing from her: it is too
" 'late; the sentence is irrevocable; and I
" 'command you never to mention her
" 'name to me again.'

" All my hopes vanished at this fatal
" note; and the impression it made on

" me was the more terrible, as I was now
" quite certain of that misfortune which
" for twelvedays before I had but suspect-
" ed. My courage and strength now for-
" sook me; my eyes, as it were, covered
" with a film, my heart ceased to beat,
" and I lost the use of my reason. In
" this state I remained for a long time,
" and recovered my reason only to be
" plunged more deeply into despair. I
" first experienced an extreme lassitude;
" I could scarce hold up my head; but,
" by degrees, I felt my blood again flow-
" ing in my veins: it was impossible for
" me to sit longer; I therefore arose, and
" walked about my cavern like a maniac,
" stopping from time to time, and ex-
" claiming, "What will become of me?"
" After a few hours I was seized with a
" violent

" violent trembling, which obliged me to
" return into my room, and throw my-
" self on the bed; and I then thought I
" was going to be delivered of that un-
" happy burden which I bore. I was per-
" fectly aware that after a lapse of only
" six weeks this would not be produc-
" tive of any dangerous consequences,
" and I felt some consolation in this idea;
" but a moment's reflection made me
" feel the horror of such sentiments. "Oh,
" 'Heavens!' exclaimed I, 'to what a
" 'degree of baseness will human misery
" 'cause us to descend!'. . . . I had
" nearly formed a most unnatural wish!
" Alas! if I had but the slightest hope
" of preserving this unfortunate child,
" I would willingly bear every thing on
" its account; but supposing that it had

" the

"the strength, notwithstanding the suf-
"ferings which I have experienced, to
"live and be cherished within me, yet
"in a few months both our deaths will
"be inevitable! Thus every thought
"but increased my despair. Although
"I had several times before been told
"that my fate was fixed for ever, I ne-
"ver did believe it: but this last note
"dispelled every delusive hope. I re-
"flected with terror on these words;
"*Were she even now willing to expiate*
"*her offence by a reunion, it would be*
"*impossible for me to consent without*
"*contributing to my own ruin.*

"I found at last that I was become the
"victim of malice, vengeance, and ava-
"rice; for I easily judged that the Count
"had

" had found the means to possess himself
" of all my property in expectation. I
" passed two whole days in the most in-
" conceivable agitation; at times lying
" motionless on my bed, or sitting in my
" chair; at others, traversing my cavern
" for a whole night. I now looked with
" more terror than ever on those dismal
" walls, those rocks and those dark ca-
" verns where I was destined to pass the
" remainder of my unhappy days; and
" as I now lost every glimpse of hope,
" all my former horrors were again re-
" newed. . . . As soon as I had collected
" my scattered thoughts I determined to
" do and attempt every thing to gain Le-
" onora over to my interests. A small
" ray of hope inspired me with some
" degree of strength: I wrote to her,

" saying that I had a severe fever, and
" was so ill, that I could not possibly go to
" the wicket to fetch my provisions. The
" second day I implored her to come to
" me, and render me some assistance;
" and I accompanied this letter with the
" diamond ring which I had promised
" her. The day when I expected Leo-
" nora, I kept my bed although the fever
" had left me, as I was desirous that she
" should find me there and think me ill.
" I hoped to interest her, and move her
" in my behalf, being unable to conceive
" that any human being could look with
" indifference and insensibility on a young
" woman, only seventeen years of age,
" condemned to pass the remainder of
" her life in a dismal dungeon. The
" barking of my dog announced to me

" the

"the approach of Leonora. . . . . I lis-
"tened attentively; and in the profound
"silence which reigned throughout this
"subterraneous abode, I distinctly heard
"Leonora's steps at a distance; and this
"sort of noise caused an extraordinary
"sensation within me.—'I am at length
"'once more to behold a human being!'
"exclaimed I. I thought that she could
"not be induced to come into this dismal
"dungeon, but with the immediate pur-
"pose of rescuing me: I totally forgot
"her former character; I looked upon
"her as my saviour, and burst into tears.
"By degrees, as I heard her approach
"me, my agitation increased; my heart
"bounded towards her, and I reached
"out my arms.—At length she appear-
"ed; but her very looks petrified me:
"she

" she held in one hand a dark lantern,
" and in the other a basket filled with
" biscuits, wine, and all sorts of syrups.
" Her countenance, harsh and forbidding,
" seemed to have something more gloomy
" in it than common; her physiognomy
" seemed to indicate a sort of confu-
" sion, though unmixed with pity, and
" without expressing the least symptom
" of emotion. She sat down by my bed-
" side, and with the greatest indifference
" inquired after my health. I was inca-
" pable of answering her, being almost
" suffocated with tears. Leonora wished
" to feel my pulse; and on my giving
" her my hand, she said in a reproachful
" tone, ' You have no fever.' — She
" then arose, endeavouring to leave me;
" but I seized hold of her clothes, in or-
" der

" der to stop her, when she threw her-
" self into the arm-chair. I asked her
" 'What would become of me, suppo-
" sing I should have a fit of sickness?'—
" To which she answered, 'That she
" 'would wait upon me, and that she
" 'would supply the place of a physi-
" 'cian.'—'You are perfectly aware,'
" said I, 'that you are incapable of ren-
" 'dering me such assistance; but will you
" 'say also that you are capable of doing
" 'the office of a priest?'—'Your own
" 'reflections will save you; repent your
" 'scandalous and disorderly life, sub-
" 'mit to your fate, and consider that you
" 'ought to make some atonement for
" 'your follies and errors, and Heaven
" 'will have mercy on you. What else
" 'would a confessor say to you, but that
" 'God

" 'God had bestowed on you his richest
" 'gifts, and that you had indignantly
" 'abused his bounty and his goodness?
" 'He would tell you that you had stain-
" 'ed and contaminated the early days
" 'of your life, and that it is but just you
" 'should consecrate the rest to repent-
" ance. I here repeat to you the words
" 'of my Lord, and they certainly are
" 'both pious and reasonable.' Though
" there was the greatest truth in these
" cruel reproaches, and notwithstand-
" ing that I was reduced to the most
" deplorable situation, I felt the utmost
" humiliation to be thus insolently spoken
" to by a woman who had been my ser-
" vant. I had the greatest difficulty
" to contain my passion; alas! it was
" vanity, which survives every human il-
" lusion,

" lusion, and which revolts even at the " jaws of the grave. 'Ah!' exclaimed I, " 'without doubt God punishes our er- " 'rors, but he also punishes cruelty.'— " 'But you might be treated with still " 'more severity. Criminals are fre- " 'quently confined in a close dungeon, " 'and have no other allowance but " 'straw, bread, and water; whilst you " 'have a spacious prison, neat furniture, " 'a good bed, and excellent provisions; " 'and I have received orders to give " 'you every luxury you can desire.'— " While she spoke, bitter tears of spite, " anger, and indignation, flowed down " my cheeks; and notwithstanding, I was " under the necessity of descending to " implore this woman! Alas! the un- " happy command our indulgence, when

" they

" they even seem to lose themselves as it
" were: it is only when we are happy
" that we act noble, disinterested, and
" with equanimity of disposition; or when
" we are supported by virtue and religion,
" that we are constant and fortified even
" in adversity; but without those, we
" stand in need of every indulgence.

" With a heart full of resentment, I
" thanked Leonora for the frankness with
" which she had spoken to me; adding,
" that I felt it was impossible for me to
" live in that cavern, and that I conjured
' her to take pity on a wretch who
" would do every thing for her when she
" had obtained her freedom. At these
" words Leonora interrupted me abruptly,
" as if I had proposed to her something
" that was both criminal and foolish. I
" did

" did not feel discouraged, but promised
" to secure to her a pension infinitely
" more considerable than that which she
" had from the Count, besides a great
" sum of money.—' But,' said Leonora
" sneeringly, ' what security can you
" ' give me?'—' An instrument which I
" shall sign.'—' Ay, but deeds signed in
" ' prison are not deemed valid in a court
" ' of justice.'—' But will not my grati-
" tude be a guarantee to you?'—' Sup-
" ' posing you were even willing to for-
" ' get that it was I who conducted you
" ' into this castle, and who decoyed you
" ' into this cavern, how could you secure
" ' me against the resentment of your fa-
" ' mily? Remember, that I cannot give
" ' you your liberty without exposing my
" ' own, without betraying my master,

" or

" 'or even ruining him.' Do not cherish " 'any such foolish hope; speak no more " 'of it, or I shall be under the neces- " 'sity of informing my master, and " 'you will be then treated with much " 'more rigour.' As she conclu- " ded these words, Leonora rose, and " hastily retired, leaving me petri- " fied and overcome with grief. How- " ever, suddenly an extravagant thought " endowed me with fresh strength: I in- " stantly formed the project of pursuing " my cruel keeper, and escaping in spite " of her. I sprang from my bed, quitted " my chamber, still hearing the heavy " steps of Leonora, towards which I di- " rected my own. My dog, who followed " me barking, prevented Leonora from " hearing the noise which I made in run-

" ning

" ning after her, particularly as I had no
" shoes on. I soon perceived the light
" of the lantern which she carried, and
" I arrived at the first door at the same
" time as she did :—my heart palpitated
" when I saw her take the large key and
" open the gate! The moment she pas-
" sed, I precipitated myself through it
" with such impetuosity, that I threw Le-
" onora down upon the steps of the stair-
" case. Encouraged at this first suc-
" cess, I ascended the staircase with the
" rapidity of lightning, and arrived at the
" last door; but, alas! I found it locked.
" In vain did I attempt to force it; my
" strength was unequal to such a task.
" Leonora, now grown furious with my
" attempt, and with her fall, ran and
" seized her prey. I made a powerful

 " struggle,

" struggle, which but increased the rage
" of Leonora. . . . She took me under her
" masculine arms, and tearing off the
" handkerchief which I had about my
" neck, made use of it to tie my hands
" behind my back. I made the cavern
" resound with my lamentable shrieks;
" and, overcome by despair, I fainted
" upon the bosom of my cruel enemy.
" She carried me to my bed, unbound
" my hands, and left me without giving
" me the least assistance.

" On opening my eyes, I found my-
" self again in my former frightful soli-
" tude. The profound silence of my
" cavern made me tremble. My dog was
" lying by the side of me; but his sleep
" causing me some pain, I awoke him.

" I felt

" I felt myself very sore, my hands bear-
" ing the marks of Leonora's brutality.
" I shewed them to my dog, who licked
" the bruises; and while the little animal
" was caressing me, and seemed to take
" compassion on my pains, I wept. I
" was so weak, and so much fatigued,
" that I felt as if deprived of all motion:
" my soul seemed wounded as well as my
" body, and the excess of my despon-
" dency plunged me in a kind of apathy
" bordering on resignation. In this state
" I remained lying during four or five
" days; I had fruit, water, and syrup,
" lying upon my table, and took no other
" nourishment. I did not go near the
" wicket all this time; but when I re-
" turned, I found two baskets instead of
" one, both of which contained nothing

" but bread, and in each I found a note
" from Leonora. In the first she informed
" me that, as a punishment for having
" abused her condescension, I should have
" nothing but bread for a fortnight; and
" in the second, that she imagined that I
" had made myself sick by not having
" taken away the basket, in order to en-
" tice her; but that she should not very
" easily be persuaded to make me a se-
" cond visit. I was now bereft of every
" hope; and, although I never had en-
" tertained the impious thought of ma-
" king an attempt on my own life, I was
" quite weary of it, and expected to lose
" it in a few days by a miscarriage. I now
" began to look upon my fate with that
" kind of indifference that proceeded
" from a heart that was callous, and ab-
" solute

" solute despair, without the least shadow
" of hope, remaining. In this disposi-
" tion I was free from fear, and careless
" of all consequences; and I wrote to Le-
" onora the following note:

" 'I despise and brave the menaces of
" 'a ferocious and insolent servant, and
" 'the mean accomplice of a villain, who
" 'is the vilest of all men.'

" Leonora made me no answer, but con-
" tinued to supply me only with bread. I
" had plenty of wine and dried sweet-
" meats; and that sort of food, far from
" being hurtful to me, was on the con-
" trary a preservative to my health. I
" now no longer took any exercise,
" but continually kept my bed; and in

" about a fortnight I felt with astonish-
" ment my health and strength re-esta-
" blished. The punishment which Le-
" onora had condemned me to being
" past, I was again supplied with my
" former provisions. I now rose and
" dressed myself, and I perceived that I
" was getting very heavy. . . . ' Great
" ' God!' exclaimed I, ' is it possible
" ' that this unfortunate child should
" ' live?'—I now felt the most inexpres-
" sible anguish at the thoughts of seeing
" it perish before my eyes. I recollected,
" however, having been told that many
" pregnant women had borne their chil-
" dren dead for six weeks, and even for
" for two months, and I was convinced
" that my struggle with Leonora had
" killed mine. As my stock of candles
" and

" and oil were now nearly exhausted, I
" wrote to Leondra for a supply, to
" which I received the following answer:

" 'Not being the servant of a wretch-
" 'ed woman, who is justly punished
" 'for her crimes; and not thinking my-
" 'self subservient to her orders, I shall
" 'not furnish her with any light till I
" 'think proper.'

" As I did not wish to degrade myself
" by supplication to Leonora to revoke
" this rigorous sentence, I used such eco-
" nomy with the oil and the tapers which
" remained, that I only lighted them for
" three or four hours a day, after which
" time I received a very good supply.

" I had been upwards of four months
" in the cavern, when one morning, as I
" was dressing myself, I was struck with
" the extraordinary increase of my waist,
" and fancied I felt my child stirring
" within me. . . . My heart palpitated. . .
" I again felt a second time the same sen-
" sation. This sign of life, which was
" no longer doubtful, could not fail to
" awaken within me a tender emotion and
" a sort of joy. Hope again took pos-
" session of my heart; a sudden revolu-
" tion changed my sentiments, and raised
" up my courage. . . . 'He lives!' ex-
" claimed I, 'notwithstanding such vio-
" 'lent shocks, and the many sufferings
" 'which I thought would annihilate
" 'him, and make my womb his grave.
" 'He lives! and acquires daily strength.
" 'The

" 'The mighty hand which preserved
" 'him may perform a second miracle.
" 'Oh, my God!' continued I, in throw-
" ing myself on my knees, 'I submit
" 'to my fate; I receive this punishment
" 'as a just expiation of my crime: I
" 'no longer ask you to break the barrier
" 'which separates me from every human
" 'creature; but I implore you to assist
" 'the innocent. Inspire me with what
" 'I ought to do in my situation; pre-
" 'serve to me my infant; be its protec-
" 'tor, and my guide! O wonderful
" 'and happy effects contained in reli-
" 'gious consolations!' After having
" poured forth this prayer, all my terrors
" were dissipated; every thing seemed
" possible; I felt myself re-attached to
" life, and fortified as it were by an en-

 " chantment.

" chantment. My future prospect now " displayed to my mind such joys as I " had never before experienced at the " best of times: I beheld my infant, de- " voted myself voluntarily to penitence; " I was no longer alone, no longer void " of help; I felt a mighty protector " watching over me, and became confi- " dent because I was submissive. I now " formed new resolutions, and they were " firm and constant. I wrote a letter to " Leonora, to assure her that my heart " was changed, and that I renounced " every kind of resentment. This step cost " me nothing; it was dictated by religion, " and expressed with truth: I thought " now of nothing but to return sincerely " to virtue, to calm my mind and my " thoughts, to preserve my health, and

" to

" to prepare every thing for the
" epoch when I should become a mo-
" ther. I recollected that I had seen
" one of my women, by the good-
" ness of Providence, safely delivered
" without any other assistance than that
" which she received from me and others
" of my attendants, and that thought was
" a balsam to my soul. I retraced very
" minutely every circumstance of that
" event, and I found it of the greatest
" utility. I was certain that if I did
" not ask Leonora to visit me, she would
" not come; and that, if I had the happi-
" ness to preserve my child, I could con-
" ceal its existence from my persecutors.
" I should no doubt have willingly re-
" signed it for its own advantage, and
" deprived myself of the happiness of its

 " company;

" company; but I trembled at the bare
" thought that it might fall into the hands
" of a barbarous villain. Whenever
" this gloomy idea obtruded itself on my
" imagination, I had recourse to prayer,
" and consoled myself with these words:
" 'The Lord will be our shield; what
" 'have we to apprehend?'

" I thought that by properly husband-
" ing the money and jewels I had left,
" I could regain Leonora's good graces,
" that is to say, succeed in obtaining from
" her those things I was in want of. My
" conjecture proved right. I first en-
" treated her to give me a crucifix and
" some books, the *Life of the Solitary Man*
" *in the Desert*, and some works on medi-
" cine; amongst which were the works
" of

" of a physician whom I named, because
" I knew that he had written a great
" deal on the subject of complaints inci-
" dental to women in a state of preg-
" nancy, on their delivery, and children.
" I accompanied the letter containing my
" request with a present, and I found it
" met with a good reception. I received
" the crucifix, and the works on piety,
" almost immediately; and about ten or
" twelve days after, those works on me-
" dicine and surgery I had applied for,
" where I read with avidity every thing
" relating to my situation. I arranged
" the spot where the fountain was situ-
" ated as an oratory; I fastened my cru-
" cifix by the side of the rock; and ha-
" ving spread a mat at the foot of it, went
" there daily to say my morning and even-

" ing

" ing prayers. I obtained from Leonora
" a considerable supply of moss, which
" I laid on a part of the rock that formed
" a small projection, and thus contrived
" to make a comfortable seat. There I
" daily read the Life of the Solitary Man
" in the Desert. This occupation so much
" charmed me, that its attraction daily
" augmented. How much I envied the
" tranquil and majestic solitude of the
" desert, of those uninhabited fields
" where nothing confined the prospect or
" imagination! How sincerely I admired
" those pious Anchorets, who, far from
" the bustle of men and cities, and enjoy-
" ing their independence, sacrificed to
" their God a dangerous liberty, impo-
" sing on themselves the most rigorous
" duties, and adopting the most austere
" mode

" mode of life! . ' 'Tis true,' said I to
" myself, ' that here I am deprived of
" ' the light of the sun, and the contem-
" ' plation of nature; but is not God
" ' present here as well as in the desert?
" ' Should I not cherish the hope to see
" ' my existence soon doubled? Oh!
" ' if the Lord's supreme goodness should
" ' produce such a miracle, this cavern
" ' will become the temple of grati-
" ' tude and happiness! . . . When shall I
" ' hold my infant in my arms, who can
" ' boast of having so much to love? and
" ' where, in the whole globe, will the
" ' name of the Lord be more sincerely
" ' and more rapturously blessed? . . . To
" ' enjoy, at every instant, the charms
" ' of passionate gratitude, to love with
" ' boundless affection, and without any
" ' jealousy,

" 'jealousy, must surely be a heavenly
" 'felicity!'—These sweet ideas raised me
" above myself as it were, and endowed
" me with supernatural courage.

" It was not, however, without the
" most painful anxiety that I prepared my
" childbed linen, which I often bathed
" with my tears. — I opened my large
" chest which contained my stock of
" clothes; and as I was looking for the
" things which I was in want of, I disco-
" vered a small box, and found it to be
" a portable dressing-case: but I cannot
" describe what were my feelings on see-
" ing my face reflected in a glass! Ever
" since my captivity no frivolous regret
" had hitherto profaned my situation and
" my grief; but at this moment I could
" not

" not suppress my emotion, on reflecting
" that I had not yet attained my eigh-
" teenth year, and with all the bloom of
" youth was destined to be buried alive
" in this abyss. I fixed my mournful
" looks on the glass which reflected my
" my features, and gazed with a sort of
" concern on that countenance which
" probably was already forgotten, and
" that bloom which was to vanish away
" in the shade. In spite of myself I took
" pleasure in retracing a thousand dan-
" gerous recollections! . . . . But, on re-
" covering my cooler reason, I broke the
" glass as a useless article, and neverthe-
" less could not repress a few tears at
" the time.

" After

" After this sort of sacrifice it seemed
" to me as if I had acquired all the for-
" titude of maturer age, and I no longer
" regretted the loss of that frail beauty
" which I was to behold no more. My
" days relapsed with rapidity; prayer,
" labour, and the assiduous reading of
" my surgical and medical books, em-
" ployed every moment of my time.

" I had been confined about five
" months in the cavern, when one even-
" ing, after my usual prayer, I sat down
" on the mossy seat near the fountain. I
" had never felt so much calm and sere-
" nity as I experienced at this moment,
" and I took a retrospective view of my
" early years. As I examined my youth,
" anxieties, sorrows, and multiplied er-

" rors,

" rors, crowded on my recollection; on
" a sudden the thought of Don Sancho's
" death hurried on my mind, and I reflect-
" ed with horror that tragical catastrophe
" had been entirely owing to my elope-
" ment, without which that ill-fated man
" would have been still living. This
" was the first time this idea occurred to
" my imagination, at least so forcibly and
" distinctly; it struck me with deep re-
" morse, and I acknowledged with sor-
" row that I had deserved my fate. . . .
" 'Alas!' said I, 'scarcely entering the
" career of life, I have committed none
" but criminal and imprudent actions,
" and Heaven has therefore secluded
" me from the rest of human creatures.
" Be it so; here alone with my God,
" the powerful voice of truth will speak

" to

" to me without obstacle; whereas it
" reaches the ear of men, but confusedly
" amidst the din and tumult of the world.
" O revered voice! speak, I'll listen....
" Thou prescribest I should receive ad-
" versity with joy, because it may be the
" means of saving me from eternal pu-
" nishments: thou commandest me to
" be humble, because I am feeble and
" guilty. Ah! here I can freely and
" undisturbed retrace to myself my ma-
" nifold errors; wherefore then should
" I preserve any pride? That worldly
" falsehood entitled *urbanity* and *polite-*
" *ness* can no longer corrupt my heart;
" no dangerous example will mislead me,
" no flattering language will deceive me:
" these frivolous advantages which na-
" ture bestowed on me, will no longer

" prove

"prove a source of pride to me. Reason "and faith equally command me to look "upon this cavern, not as a gloomy dun- "geon, but as a safe asylum, where, "with the help of resignation and obli- "vion of injuries, I can find myself "happily sheltered from every danger "and weakness. Placed by Providence "in this place, I seem as it were in "pledge against a future life; and whilst "agitation prevails on the earth, while "passions incessantly produce errors and "crimes, I enjoy as it were a foretaste "of the profound peace of the grave. "Am I not erased from the list of the "living? The sun no longer divides my "existence into daily periods. The "tears shed on my fate are already dried "up, and this frivolous world no longer

"thinks

" thinks about me! I am dead to soci-
" ety; snatched from among every thing
" which is of a perishable nature, I am no
" longer of earthly mould: I belong to
" the Almighty, to the Creator of the
" universe, and already taste of immor-
" tality. No, I am not confined in this
" narrow enclosure. On quitting the
" earth, and all its illusions, I have pe-
" netrated into the sanctuary of the Divi-
" nity, where all human joys end, and
" eternity commences.... Amidst the vain
" pleasures of the busy world, we only
" perceive the Divinity through a dark
" mist; but under these roofs, where hu-
" man passions never found their way,
" it appears as it were unveiled: it fills,
" it lights this cavern; I see it every
" where, I hear it, and hear that only.'

" These

" These thoughts, which sprang from
" my inmost soul, raised me to ecstatic
" transports, and afterwards plunged me
" in a most delightful reverie, which
" caused me to set up much later than
" usual. It was midnight before I went
" to bed: scarcely had I laid down, when
" my dog began to bark. As it was not
" the hour when the basket was let down,
" I listened with attention, and distinguish-
" ed some noise. Azor's barking redou-
" bled; and soon I heard the sound of
" footsteps. Surprise, anxiety, and hope,
" agitated my mind all at once.—The
" person meanwhile seemed to approach.
" 'Is it you, Leonora?' exclaimed I in a
" broken voice. No answer was returned:
" I startled; the curtain which separated
" my

" my room from the cavern was raised,
" and I beheld a most strange vision, at
" which I remained petrified with sur-
" prise and terror!

" I thought it must be a spectre, for I
" beheld Don Sancho! . . . Don Sancho,
" pale, trembling, who stood at my bed-
" side, fixing on me looks which betray-
" ed agitation and interest. 'Heavens!'
" exclaimed I, 'is it possible? is it you,
" Don Sancho?'—'Ah!' replied he, 'I
" 'have been at death's door, and have
" 'been saved by mere miracle. I have
" 'a long story to tell you, but suffer me
" 'to compose myself.'—He sat down
" as he finished these words, while I ga-
" zed on him in silence. He looked like

" a discon-

"a disconcerted criminal before his
"judge: he seemed unable to bear my
"looks; and thus the invincible ascen-
"dancy of truth and remorse forced the
"oppressor to tremble before his victim.
"Candour is probably credulous, when
"nothing can inspire it with mistrust;
"for a natural prejudice prevents it from
"availing itself of the powerful instinct
"which might otherwise prevent it. But
"integrity is penetrating; whatever is
"false strikes it, and gives it offence; and
"it becomes the dupe of artifice, only
"when it rejects.

"The tone, the deportment, the looks
"of Don Sancho, all clearly presented him
"to my view as the accomplice of the
"Count Moncalde. A thousand recollec-
"tions rapidly crowded on my memory like

" so many rays of light. Nevertheless I
" was convinced that it was necessary
" that I should dissemble, and gathered
" strength enough to constrain my emo-
" tions. After a long silence Don San-
" cho began by telling me, full of embar-
" rassment, and with a degree of proba-
" bility, every thing which he had experi-
" enced since our separation. Accord-
" ing to his fabulous narrative, he had
" remained for a long time without
" any recollection on the skirts of the
" forest, having been dangerously wound-
" ed by the pistol; when, being picked
" up by some peasants, he laid for two
" months in a desperate state. At length
" having recovered, and not knowing
" whither I was conducted, he repaired
" to Madrid; and after having met with
" the

" the Count, he demanded an explanation,
" declaring, at the same time, that if
" he did not tell him where I was, he
" would denounce him: the Count, after
" a few moments consideration, exacted
" from him a promise, upon his honour,
" that he would not divulge the secret
" which he was going to reveal. Don
" Sancho having promised it, the Count
" then confessed the whole. Don San-
" cho, abiding by his oath, contented him-
" self merely with asking his permission
" to see me; which having obtained, he
" immediately departed for the kingdom
" of Grenada.

" I listened to this story with apparent
" ease; but I am certain it did not escape
" Don Sancho's penetration, that I attached

 " but

"but little credit to it; for, although he
"had sufficient time to prepare his story,
"yet his confusion and sudden stoppages
"clearly convinced me of his deceit.
"But the deceitful imagine they have
"gained a great point, when, through
"fear, we are prevented from upbraiding
"them with their falsehood, and are un-
"der the necessity of dissembling, as fear
"is the only sort of consideration which
"they can pretend to inspire us with.—
"'In short,' continued Don Sancho, 'I
"'am here, but live but for the sole pur-
"'pose of delivering you from the ven-
"'geance of a cruel, a barbarous villain.'
"—'I suppose then that you mean to re-
"store to me my liberty?'—'Certainly,
"'without the least doubt.'—'Will you
"liberate me immediately?'—'That's
"'impossible;

" 'impossible; the Count possesses great
" 'power here, and consequently I can
" 'undertake nothing without his con-
" 'sent; and I have pledged my ho-
" 'nour never to accuse him.'—'But is
" it possible that you should retain so
" much respect for your assassin?'—'He
" 'has sworn that, in the first moments
" 'of his agitation he did not recognise
" 'me; he conceived that I was in the
" 'carriage with you, and could not ima-
" 'gine that I was your conductor. Be-
" 'sides, you are deprived of every pos-
" 'sibility of returning to Madrid; you
" 'would insist on Dazeli's accompany-
" 'ing you, and that it was which per-
" 'suaded every one that he was your lo-
" 'ver; and what more confirmed it was,
" 'that, instead of his following the route

" 'which I had laid down for him, he
" 'has never since made his appearance.'
" —'Well, then,' exclaimed I, bursting
" into tears, 'after destroying my repu-
" tation, and dishonouring my name, they
" have also immolated that unfortunate
" young man!'

" Don Sancho was not at all sorry that
" I entertained an idea of such a crime,
" which deprived me of the hopes of ever
" being able to justify myself.—'I am
" ignorant,' said he, 'whether this charge
" is well founded; but this I am certain
" of, that your character is irretrievably
" lost in the public opinion, and that your
" grandfather is so satisfied of your guilt,
" that nothing in the universe can induce
" him to see you again.'—'And where
" is

"is Don Pedro?'—'Oh, think no more
"about him; he is married.'—'Don Pe-
"dro?'—'After having waited for you
"at the appointed place, he returned to
"Madrid, where every person assured
"him that you had eloped with Dazeli to
"some foreign country, and that there
"was no other consolation left for him,
"than to marry a rich heiress. I did not
"arrive at Madrid until the day after his
"marriage. But,' continued Don San-
"cho, 'it is getting late, and the Count
"is waiting for me at the entrance of the
"cavern. I must leave you now; but
"I will return to-morrow; I have most
"extraordinary circumstances to relate
"to you, which I will preserve for a more
"calm and long interview. I shall be
"with you to-morrow at three o'clock in

 "the

" the afternoon.' At these words Don " Sancho arose, and left me. I passed the " whole night in reflecting on this event, " from which I expected the end of my " captivity, but not without extreme " disquietude on the manner in which I " should obtain it. I had not the least " doubt of the perfidy of Don Sancho; " I did not believe a word of his recital, " nor of the calumnies which he said " were raised against me. I knew Don " Pedro's attachment was such, that I " was certain he never would marry: even " if he supposed me capable of such de- " gradation, it would only have thrown " him into a most violent and profound " grief; but, at the same time, he would " have renounced for ever every idea of " marriage. I saw clearly that my flight,

" contrived

" contrived by Don Sancho in the ab-
" sence of Don Pedro, was concerted with
" the Count, to draw me into their vile
" snare. I now recollected that the note
" which was given me, purporting to be
" that of Don Pedro, was written in ex-
" treme vague terms; he neither men-
" tioned any thing of flight or appoint-
" ment, and it was without date. I made
" no doubt but it was sent to Don San-
" cho upon some other occasion, and
" that he had only kept it by him to
" make use of it for the express purpose
" of obtaining my consent to accompany
" him without delay. In short, I was
" fully persuaded that the pistols dischar-
" ged at Don Sancho were loaded with
" powder only, and that, after their ha-
" ving secured me, the second masked

 " postillion

" postillion was no other than Don San-
" cho himself, who came to rejoin us when
" we were waiting for the last relays.
" But what the object of this dark con-
" trivance and wicked conspiracy was,
" and what interest could animate Don
" Sancho to act so great a part in it, was
" a mystery which I could not fathom:
" for, notwithstanding my natural aver-
" sion to him, I must do justice to his
" disinterestedness, by declaring that he
" would not have acted thus from avari-
" cious motives. I recollected the great
" and constant attentions which he paid
" me; the project which the Count had
" formed to give me to him as a lover;
" and this rather seemed to elucidate the af-
" fair. I judged that I was placed in the ca-
" vern for five months only, that I might
" more

" more readily consent to obtain my li-
" berty at any price; I flattered myself
" that with prudence, and concealing my
" resentment, with a little dissimulation,
" together with shewing him some little
" attentions without committing myself, I
" might succeed to recover my free-
" dom. Nothing would have persuaded
" me to consent to such meanness, but
" the wish of preserving my own life,
" and that of my child; and I promised
" to myself I would take particular care
" to conceal this important secret from
" my oppressors.

" The unfortunate are so much in
" need of hope, that, however desperate
" their case, they still love to cling to it;
" under this impresion I was to believe

" that I should certainly leave my prison
" in a few days, if not in a few hours.

" Don Sancho came rather earlier than
" he had promised: I had however taken
" the precaution to dress myself in such
" a manner, so as entirely to conceal my
" shape from him. I seated myself in
" my arm-chair behind a high table, and
" placing my cushion upon a small stool,
" offered it as a seat to Don Sancho. At
" his arrival I experienced the most pain-
" ful sensation produced by indignation;
" and at the same time I was much ter-
" rified. He had only the day before
" evinced a certain coldness, as his exces-
" sive confusion and remorse did not per-
" mit him to feel any pity; but in this
" second interview he seemed extremely

'struck

" struck with my situation; he looked
" with an air of silent sorrow on the ha-
" bitation which I occupied; and then
" turning his looks towards me, I saw a
" few tears trickling from his eyes. I en-
" treated him to sit down; and, after ha-
" ving taken his seat, placing both his hands
" before his eyes, he remained silent in
" this attitude. ' I am sure,' said I, ' that
" no malignant curiosity has led you hi-
" ther; that you have not come here
" merely to be a spectator of one whose
" misfortunes are without example.'—
" ' Ah!' answered he in a low and trem-
" bling voice, ' if you could behold my
" heart, you would see how much I suffer,
" and that even my sufferings exceed
" your own.'—This doleful expression
" made me shudder; and it was impos-
" sible

" sible for me to answer him.—' Rely
" on it,' continued he, ' that you shall
" quit this dreadful abode, and that you
" will recover your liberty; but the Count
" having applied to Rome for a divorce,
" he has irrevocably decided not to give
" your freedom till that affair has been
" settled, and which may yet take up
" some months.'—But what can induce
" him to wish that I should stay thus
" locked up, and that I should await this
" decision in this dreary dungeon? Am
" I condemned to pass the rest of my
" days in this gloomy solitude, sup-
" posing the court of Rome should not
" disannul our unhappy union?'—' Make
" yourself easy on that score; we are
" already certain that the marriage will
" be declared null.'—' If that be the case,
" why

" why am I kept here?'—' You will not
" be suffered to leave this place until you
" have entered into a new engagement.'
" At these words I remained petrified.
" Don Sancho, feigning not to perceive
" the state that I was in, continued by
" saying, ' As soon as you have given
" your word here to that effect, you will
" immediately be conducted to the cha-
" pel in the castle, where a Polish priest
" is already provided, who does not un-
" derstand a word of Spanish or French;
" he will perform the nuptial ceremony,
" and the next day you will set off with
" your happy spouse.'—' But who is this
" husband to be?' — ' Ah!' exclaimed
" Don Sancho, throwing himself on his
" knees, ' can you not divine who it is?
" To obtain that hand which another has

" rejected,

" rejected, I can do every thing; yes,
" every thing but deceive you. No, I
" never deceived you; if you were igno-
" rant of my passion, it was because you
" never condescended to notice it. I
" know I deserve your hatred: in the
" hopes of gaining your affection, I have
" associated myself with a furious barba-
" rian, who is only guided by a desire of
" vengeance, and by the most contemp-
" tible avarice. But would you confound
" the man who is led astray by an insur-
" mountable passion, with a vile mis-
" creant? My whole life shall be con-
" secrated to you, in order to expiate my
" crime: thus devoting my life to virtue,
" I shall become worthy of you. . . . Ho-
" noured with your hand, I shall endea-
" vour to immortalize my own name as a
" grateful

" grateful sacrifice to you. Should it be
" necessary to quit you, in order to ac-
" quire glory, I should then not hesitate;
" and you will re-animate in my soul
" every generous sentiment. Judge of
" my love by all that I have done; nay,
" even by my crimes.... I abhor perfidy;
" but in order to obtain you, I betrayed
" you. I wished to offer you a throne,
" and I plunged you into a dungeon. I
" hate the tyrant who oppresses you, and
" yet I am become his accomplice. I
" am sensible to pity, and yet I have
" caused your tears to flow. To obtain
" my object, is there any crime that I
" would not have committed? But when
" love shall have made me happy, and
" shall command me to be virtuous, with
" what delight shall I not obey! And

" thus

" thus I might expect to achieve every " thing that is great, the immediate con- " sequence of true felicity. Do not hope " to escape me; you have irretrievably " lost your family, your lover, your coun- " try. You are now reduced to the ne- " cessity of existing but for me; let us " go, and assuming a fictitious name, let " us settle in a strange country. A " rich inheritance enables me to offer you " a competent fortune; resign yourself " to your fate. I again repeat that you " never will be able to quit this spot but " at such a price; and I must again in- " genuously tell you, that the Count will " never consent to restore to you your " liberty but upon this express condition. " He wishes to be certain that you will " not remain in Spain, in order that

" his

" his crime may not be detected. I must
" now declare, that all that I had said
" yesterday was entirely false, and that
" now I am speaking nothing but the
" truth. I had prepared a fabulous story,
" but your presence commands me to
" relinquish it. Yes, it is true that I
" have placed you in a terrible situation;
" but, without me, your malicious op-
" pressor would either have made an at-
" tempt on your life, or would have con-
" demned you to a more horrible capti-
" vity. It was I who thus prepared the
" cavern for your reception; it is I who
" take care of the choice of your provi-
" sions. I betrayed the reciprocal hope
" of you and Don Pedro; but Don Pe-
" dro never felt a real passion for you,
" and,

" and, as I told you before, is now mar-
" ried.'

" During this strange and long dis-
" course, resentment, indignation, and
" contempt, raised me above all fear.—
" 'Your confessions,' said I, 'are unde-
" deserving of credit; for you must have
" perceived that I did not give the least
" to what you said yesterday; and yet
" you still seek to-day to deceive me,
" for I am sure that Don Pedro is not
" married.'—'Supposing he should not
" be,' replied he, 'what advantage
" would you hope to gain from it? Do
" you think the Count would ever con-
" sent to see you married to a man to
" whom he bears the most inveterate en-
" mity? And as to myself, should you
" not

" not think it the most inconsiderate
" folly, after all that I have done, were
" I to give you your liberty, in order to
" deliver you into the arms of another?"
" —' You certainly are master of my
" fate; but I am at least mistress of my
" own heart, and I never will pronounce
" with my lips so despicable a vow.' At
" these words, which were spoken not in
" anger, but with all the calmness of the
" most profound disdain, Don Sancho
" blushed, and remained silent for some
" minutes. He then arose, and leaning
" against the table, while he looked at
" me stedfastly, 'In truth,' said he, 'your
" fate is in my hands. I am the only
" friend on earth who can serve you. . . .
" Whatever be your hatred against me,
" I am certainly the only protector which

" fortune

"fortune has left you. Listen to me, "and do not answer; I shall return in "two days, to take your last orders. I "have told you before, that it will be per- "haps seven or eight months before your "marriage can be declared null; and al- "though we are sure of the sentence, we "are, notwithstanding, impeded by a "powerful enemy of the Count; for "which reason, perhaps, this business "goes on so slowly. I am meanwhile "obliged to go to Portugal for some time, "to take possession of an estate that has "been left me, which will necessarily oc- "casion an absence of some months.... "You will not be asked for your final de- "termination until my return, when you "can dispose of your hand. It is very "painful for me to think that you will

"remain

"remain all that time in this dreadful
"abode; but it only depends upon your-
"self to quit it directly. Give me but
"your word that you will receive my
"hand the moment your marriage is dis-
"solved, and you shall immediately be
"conducted to the apartment you occu-
"pied before. There you shall remain
"till my return under the care of Leo-
"nora.'—'I would not give you my
"word,' said I, 'if you were to offer me
"at that price even my entire freedom.'
"—'Consider well,' replied Don San-
"cho; 'for after to-morrow I shall take
"my last farewell of you.' At these
"words he arose, and abruptly left me.

"I now was perfectly confident of my
"fate. I saw myself in the power of two

"villains

" villains equally dangerous; the one, " by his resentment, hatred, and avarice, " and the other, by his odious love. How- " ever, between the two, I feared Don " Sancho least, and I preferred being " under his care rather than under the " Count. The machinations of malice " inspire us with nothing but terror, " while those produced by love do not " entirely preclude a sort of confidence " and hope. A person truly in love ne- " ver appears vile in the sight of the wo- " man whom he loves to distraction; " while we with horror reject his wishes, " we do not despise his sentiments; va- " nity tempts us not to judge him from " his most guilty actions alone. In short, " I fancied I saw in the contaminated soul " of Don Sancho some traces of sensibi-

" lity

" lity and greatness; and I confess that
" the excess of his passion, the perseve-
" rance which it had endowed him with,
" even the ferociousness itself which it
" gave him, caused me a kind of sur-
" prise which, at certain times, resembled
" nearly admiration. However, in the
" situation I was in, nothing could induce
" me to place myself under the care of
" Leonora in the absence of Don Pedro;
" for who would then have protected my
" child? and I would rather a thousand
" times have preferred death, to putting
" myself in the power of the Count.
" But I was certain, that if I accepted the
" dreadful engagement which they wish-
" ed to exact from me in confessing
" my distressed situation, Don Sancho,
" without hesitation, would consent to

 " every

" every thing which I could wish respect-
" ing my child, that he would imme-
" diately for ever release both from the
" castle as well as the cavern. That
" thought disturbed all my former reso-
" lutions, by creating within me a kind
" of uncertainty ; I now pictured to my-
" self, more than ever, the dreadful dan-
" gers which I had to apprehend. The
" possibility of being liberated uncon-
" ditionally, now appeared to me a per-
" fect chimera, and precisely because I
" saw the certain means of release. ' Oh,'
" said I to myself, ' ought I to sacrifice
" the life of my child ?' These ideas
" threw me into an inconceivable per-
" plexity. My irresolution now caused
" me to feel all the terrors which were
" involved in the consequences of my re-

" fusal,

" fusal, and all the remorse which I
" should feel by consenting to regain my
" liberty. But, after a few hours, I called
" in religion to fortify my drooping spi-
" rits. 'How,' exclaimed I, 'shall I
" espouse the perfidious and ferocious
" man who precipitated me into this
" abyss, who, in order to try my strength
" and my patience, has already kept me
" confined upwards of five months? After
" having committed one crime, shall I
" betray him whom I love, and to whom
" I pledged my vows? And for whom?
" For the cruel author of all my mis-
" fortunes, for an unprincipled wretch,
" who tore me from my family and from
" Don Pedro, and who would for ever
" lead me away from my country? Ha-
" ving lost every thing by his villainous

 " con-

" contrivances, can I have the meanness
" to accept his presents, or to partake with
" him of his fortune? Shall I live on the
" bounty of one who has deceived, tra-
" duced, and despoiled me? Of one who
" has cast on my reputation a stain, ne-
" ver to be defaced! Shall I vow an
" eternal attachment at the foot of
" the altar, and unconditional submis-
" sion to a barbarous oppressor, and an
" accomplice of Count Moncalde? And
" what security should I have for the
" constancy of a heart thus corrupted?
" And what assurance for the protection
" of my child? Is it possible that Don
" Sancho can protect the infant of Don
" Pedro? What can we expect that he
" would do for this unfortunate infant?
" Adopt it as his own by his marriage
" with

" with me?—Ought I to permit such
" a criminal falsity to be disseminated?
" However, if I do not consent, my child
" will remain as it were a foundling;
" will one day reproach me with the
" shame of his birth, which will become
" the more ignominious on account of
" this odious union. But Heaven, who
" certainly rewards a sincere peni-
" tent, cannot it not release me from
" this dungeon, and by conducting me
" to Don Pedro legitimate the birth of
" my infant? How should I so suddenly
" relinquish all my resolutions and my
" confidence in that all-powerful bounty,
" by the simple offer of quitting this ca-
" vern? No, thank Heaven! my faith
" is still the same. Abandoned by Hea-
" ven, what should I gain on quitting

" this prison? Would it not prevent so
" monstrous a union as that which is pro-
" posed to me? Hitherto I could but
" offer, as an expiation for my fault, sim-
" ply my regrets, and those sufferings
" which I could not prevent; but now
" all is changed; and in pursuing my
" duty in remaining faithful to the vows
" which bind me to Don Pedro, and re-
" jecting the wishes of a villain, surely I
" may depend upon Heaven's assistance,
" and I shall ennoble my misfortunes.
" Misfortune will no longer be a burden
" to me; but I may look upon it as a
" glorious achievement! . . . Yes, I rest
" my hopes in Providence, to whom alone
" I confide the life of my infant and my
" own. I swear never to wed any other but
" the father of my infant; I swear that
" my lips shall never pronounce a vile

" and deceitful promise. Having pro-
" nounced these words with an enthusi-
" astic ardour, I threw myself on my
" knees, and, with my arms crossed on my
" bosom, I remained in that attitude si-
" lent for a few minutes. I felt a kind of
" ecstacy which I cannot describe; I
" heard as it were a celestial voice, which
" assured me of forgiveness. In that mo-
" ment of joy and delight I felt my in-
" fant moving with more strength than
" before, and delicious tears overflowed
" my face. 'Yes, dear child,' exclaim-
" ed I, 'thou shalt live, and constitute
" the happiness of thy mother! While she
" holds thee in her arms, can she think of
" her captivity? What do I say? No,
" I am no longer a captive: this dungeon
" I'll no longer consider as a prison;

 " hence-

" henceforth I will voluntarily inhabit it;
" and though I have an opportunity to go,
" yet I will stay. I am now a happy pe-
" nitent, received by grace, and consecra-
" ted to Heaven. The months, the years
" which I shall pass in this dungeon, I
" shall account as the enjoyment of life.
" I shall no longer consider them as time
" lost: that time will cause me to for-
" get the past, and will assure me of a
" future. Here I shall taste the delicious
" gifts enjoyed by the pious inhabitant of
" the desert. It is no longer necessity
" which holds me in a frightful dun-
" geon; it is my own will which fixes me
" in a delightful grotto, and it shall
" one day become the country of my
" child.

" In

" In fact, from that moment the cavern
" bore a different aspect to me. It had
" become the residence of my choice: I
" saw it with other eyes; I took possession
" of it on this memorable day; I re-vi-
" sited it in all its extended space, and I
" considered it nearly as my own estate.
" A secret presentiment seemed to warn
" me that I should pass many years there;
" that I should peaceably bring up my
" child; and that at last we should quit
" it before my child had reached the first
" years of youth. This idea was so in-
" delibly fixed in my heart as well as
" mind, that without endeavouring to
" divine how it could be realised, it ever
" after afforded me the greatest consola-
" tion. In two days time Don Sancho re-
" turned: I waited for him, and received

 " him

" him in my oratory, namely, in the
" grotto of the fountain where I had
" placed my crucifix. He examined this
" spot with emotion; at length he renew-
" ed to me all his proposals. I answered
" him with mildness, but refused him with
" firmness, and his countenance assumed
" the expression of anger; he broke out
" into threats, which I listened to with
" calmness, and totally disconcerted.
" 'But have you reflected,' continued
" he, 'that if you persist in this obsti-
" nate folly this cavern will become your
" grave?'—'Be it so,' said I; 'but do
" you, Don Sancho, think that I should
" not meet death more resigned here,
" than amidst the delusive joys of life?
" Know, besides, that here I can live,
" not only free from despair, but even
" with

" with serenity.' At these words all his
" anger vanished; his looks, fixed on me,
" expressed nothing but tenderness and
" surprise. 'Oh, Diana!' said he in a
" voice half stifled, 'Diana! it is not you
" who are to be pitied, but he who adores
" you without hope: it is that unfortu-
" nate being who, loaded with crimes,
" and consumed by love and remorse,
" admires you with an indescribable en-
" thusiasm! ... No, angelic being! you
" are not my victim, but it is I who am
" immolated by persecuting you: ne-
" vertheless, some fatality seems to fix
" me in the frightful path in which I
" am engaged. With terror I cast my
" eyes on the past, I look with despair
" on the loss of that virtue which alone
" could give me a title to pretend to your

 " heart.

" heart. What tortures have I not suf-
" fered for the last five months! Every
" moment I behold Diana in her dun-
" geon; I see her divine meekness; I be-
" hold her supporting her sufferings with
" a majestic calmness and a sublime resig-
" nation, whilst I detest life, and rage,
" nay, hell itself corrodes my heart. . . .
" Do you imagine that I can enjoy the
" light of Heaven which I deprive you
" of, the liberty which I bereave you of?
" I see the dawn approach with horror;
" I hate the light of the sun; they bring
" to my recollection the darkness in which
" you are enveloped; the verdant fields,
" the sky, every sight in nature, remind
" me of your sufferings and my cruelty.
" The earth, which you no longer inhabit,
" seems to me vile and despicable! The
" whole

" whole universe seems to me concen-
" trated in this cavern: how gloomy is
" my prospect? Notwithstanding my
" admiration, my love, my pity, and
" my remorse, I cannot recall the past,
" I cannot consent to lose you. . . . Diana
" must be mine, or we both must perish!'
" —'Ah! Don Sancho,' answered I, 'I
" see your soul still preserves some great-
" ness. How can you support the state
" you have depicted, when you may so
" easily regain your own esteem as well
" as mine;—and when you, by a noble
" forbearance, may assure to yourself an
" everlasting claim to my gratitude? . . .
" Give me my liberty.'—'In doing this,'
" replied Don Sancho, 'I should per-
" form an act of justice only, which con-
" sequently could not efface from your
" mind

" mind my deceit and my cruelty. I
" should willingly consent to sacrifice
" myself for your sake, if it were con-
" sidered as an action worthy of you; for
" it is not a cold forgiveness which I de-
" sire. Were I even to obtain your par-
" don, my heart would still condemn
" me, and never pardon itself your suf-
" ferings.'—' What is your clemency
" and generosity to me?'—' It is your
" love, your admiration which I desire,
" or at least your gratitude remember,
" that without me you would have been
" precipitated in a gloomy dungeon, si-
" tuated in the damp and lowest parts of
" the cavern, and that you would have
" been deprived of every access to the
" upper and more wholesome part, cut
" from the rock which you now occupy:

" a prison

" a prison of only six feet extent, with a
" little straw, bread and water, would have
" been your lot. Before this horrible
" plan was confided to me, I was obliged
" to swear by every thing that man holds
" sacred, that I never would reveal it;
" I could only save you by taking upon
" myself the care of your fate: 'tis true,
" I have thereby served my own passion,
" but at the same time you are indebt-
" ed for life to me. In short, were I to
" give you your liberty, without any con-
" dition, I should perjure myself, and as a
" coward bring ruin on Count Moncalde's
" head, as I should thereby do it without
" any personal danger to myself: as your
" deliverer, I should have nothing to fear
" from your family or from the law.'—' I
" swear to you,' said I, ' that the Count
" shall

" shall never be accused ; I will pass the " rest of my life in some strange country, " in a convent, under a fictitious name.' " —' But do you forget that all your " estates have been given to the Count, " and that you cannot subsist without re- " claiming them?'—' It is true that all " that I possess is at your service; but " would you accept the gifts of a man to " whom you refuse your hand?'—' Yes, " I would accept so much of it as would " be necessary to introduce me to a con- " vent.'—' That is the only thing in life " which I could not consent to give you; " I must therefore entreat you to renounce " these frivolous hopes, which you must " see are mere chimeras, the moment you " reflect on them. I shall depart to-mor- " row for eight or nine months; perhaps

" may

" may be absent a whole year.'—' A
" year!' said I; 'what, so long?' I asked
" this question with an expression of dis-
" quietude, the more natural, as I dreaded
" the thought of being for so long a time
" under the care of the Count and Leo-
" nora. This emotion re-animated all
" the hopes of Don Sancho, and made
" him support with moderation the firm-
" ness of my refusal. He paid me the most
" respectful attention, and enquired whe-
" ther I should dislike Leonora's coming
" every morning for an hour, to wait on
" me? This proposal startled me; and
" I simply answered him, 'that I did not
" stand in need of her services.' I had
" the presence of mind to conceal how
" much I dreaded her visits, under a fear
" of giving him any suspicion, or that

" they

" they should, at some future time, send
" her to me, in consequence of their
" knowing my dislike to her. But, for-
" tunately for my situation, Don Sancho
" had not the least suspicion; he thought
" that he perceived in Leonora some
" little commiseration for my sufferings;
" and therefore conceiving that it was
" impossible, for any length of time, to
" resist my tears and prayers, he was per-
" suaded that if I passed a few months
" with Leonora, I should at last succeed
" in gaining her over to my interests:
" this is the reason that, notwithstanding
" his love and his pity, he preferred lea-
" ving me in the cavern: besides, he per-
" suaded himself that I should not be
" able long to sustain this horrible exist-
" ence, and he did not doubt that on his

" return

" return I should at length accept those " offers which now, at least according to " appearance, I neither rejected with hor- " ror or disdain. He asked me to tell him " what I stood most in need of in the ca- " vern. I told him I wished for a clock, " a small chest of medicine, and a few " other things, which he promised Leo- " nora should bring me that very even- " ing. Before he left me, he conjured " me to reflect maturely on my situation, " and he promised he would write me " the next day, the moment he departed. " Leonora was occupied the rest of the " day in bringing me every thing which " I had asked for, excepting the medi- " cine; but a small note, under the " hand of Don Sancho, acquainted me " that I should have it in less than eight

" days.

" days. This note moreover informed " me, that I should receive a letter the " next morning, with a fresh basket of " provisions. Half an hour after I re- " ceived a large basket, containing ices, " pine apples, a large nosegay of roses and " orange-flowers, together with an ele- " gant ebony and ivory box, inlaid with " mother-of-pearl and gold, filled with " scented water and perfumes of various " kinds, some of which were inclosed " in golden caskets. I was always ex- " tremely fond of perfumes, and had now " been deprived of them nearly six " months, and in the whole time I had " never seen any flowers. I could not, " therefore, look on this nosegay without " experiencing the most bitter sensation. " I bathed the flowers with my tears;

" they

" they brought to my recollection the
" verdant fields, the umbrageous retreats,
" and all the productions of the earth.
" Oh!' exclaimed I, ' how insensible are
" we to the blessings of Providence ; and
" how dare we complain if we do but
" possess a cottage, a garden, and a small
" orchard? Oh! how happy should I now
" feel, if Heaven, preserving my infant,
" and restoring me my liberty, were but
" to give me a humble asylum, a small
" farm, with three acres of ground! How
" can those religious recluses be discon-
" tented with their fate, who enjoy the
" comforts of society, who cultivate the
" flowers, and behold the serenity of the
" sky? . . Is it necessary to inhabit a dun-
" geon, to learn to appreciate all the beau-
" ties of the Creator, and those magnifi-
" cent

" cent gifts which his extreme goodness " lavishes on every being?"

" Nevertheless, spite of these reflec-" tions, Don Sancho's attentions in send-" ing me these things, pleased me ex-" tremely. I perfumed my apartment, " and particularly my oratory. I took " from my bedside an elegant small gilt " table, which I carried into my grotto, " and placed before the fountain oppo-" site the crucifix. I placed a brass cup " on the table, wherein I burned the most " delicious perfumes; and I arranged " all my flowers in crystal pots, which I " placed at the foot of the crucifix. This " occupation caused me to experience a " sentiment of melancholy which was not " devoid of charms, though it rather

" weakened

"weakened my piety. During the whole
"of that evening I felt my soul deeply
"moved, and afterwards discouraged;
"and found that these perfumes pro-
"duced dangerous sensations in me by
"reminding me of certain worldly plea-
"sures of my happy years. In order to
"purify, as it were, these recollections, I
"resolved to perfume my oratory only,
"imagining that this kind of enjoyment,
"on being dedicated to piety alone, would
"soon give rise to none but religious
"ideas; and this conjecture afterwards
"proved well founded. This little expe-
"riment caused me to make some useful
"reflections, on the advantages which
"might be derived in the education of
"youth, by displaying those external
"objects which always make the first
"impres-

" impressions on our minds, and on
" which our ideas are ever after attached
" when we arrive at the age of matu-
" rity. Thus it is that the sound of the
" drum and the trumpet always awaken
" in us the idea of glory, because these
" instruments are ever a signal for battle.
" Thus it is that the fictions of the poets
" and romances which we read in our in-
" fancy, when we behold the silver light
" of the moon, or the beautiful shade of
" the trees; when we hear the enchant-
" ing sound of music, the caroling of
" the birds, and the murmuring of the
" stream; or when we inhale the soft
" perfume of the flowers, awaken in our
" confused imagination the delusive
" charms of love.... so the delirious fancy
" of the lover and the poet has profaned

" and

" and the poet has profaned and con-
" verted whole nature, the aspect of
" which ought to ravish us, and ought
" to excite in us nothing but admi-
" ration and gratitude for the great
" Creator of the universe: impressions
" which we naturally feel in spite of our-
" selves, for every thing which is grand
" and majestic in the creation. Profane
" and worldly sentiments have metamor-
" phosed to us the chaste asylum of in-
" nocence, the delightful groves, the
" ascendant hills, and the enamelled vale;
" our passions have inverted the enchant-
" ed garden of Eden; but love could
" not mislead us in the more imposing
" objects. . . . The sublime, by its very
" essence, produces within us but pious
" reflections and virtuous sentiments; we

 " behold

" behold the Divinity in the midst of the
" thick shaded forest, and upon the top
" of the lofty mountain, whose summit
" is lost in the clouds. In the sight of
" the starry heaven, and on the vast ex-
" panded ocean, it is still the Divinity
" which presses on our thoughts. I re-
" flected that the error which had so dis-
" mal an influence on my life, could
" plead no great passion in its palliation.
" We are on our guard against a guilty
" amour; even innocence conceives its
" fatal consequences, but we never mis-
" trust an agreeable sensation, the crimi-
" nality of which we do not perceive.
" We always have most to fear from that
" which we least reflected on: in our
" early youth, when we are totally void
" of

" of experience, the charms of certain
" impressions are the more dangerous,
" because we yield to them inconside-
" rately and without remorse.

" This reflection made me consider on
" an education which best might be
" adopted in every situation; but the suc-
" cess of which would be more likely
" to succeed in every point in my
" own, if Heaven should grant me my
" wishes.

" However, the next day after which I
" had received Don Sancho's present, I,
" as soon as I rose, sought with eagerness
" for the basket, in which I expected to
" find a letter from him, which I accord-

" ingly did, and the following were the
" contents:

" 'In an hour I shall depart, and my
" heart bleeds to think that you should
" be so obstinate as to remain in that
" frighfful cavern: you would not be
" under the care of Leonora; place your-
" self under mine; do but send me a
" note under your hand, containing the
" promise which I exact, and I will fly
" to the cavern, deliver you immediately,
" and will take you along with me to
" Portugal. In a few minutes you may
" again behold the azure sky, and quit
" for ever that dismal abode. It is true
" I propose to you a union which you
" abhor; but I can only become your de-
" liverer

" liverer on such condition. Were there
" any other means to attach you to my
" fate, I would willingly employ them:
" my utmost wishes are to see you till my
" very last breath, and to consecrate my
" whole life to your service; and I wish
" that you should owe your existence to
" no one but me. If I could obtain you
" by adopting you as my sister, I should
" be perfectly contented with having the
" title of your brother. My love for you
" is not a common passion; I am only
" cruel and ferocious, because I cannot
" have an opportunity of evincing to you
" my generosity. Be but mine, and let
" no mortal have the power of tearing
" you from me, and I will chearfully sub-
" mit to any conditions that you may im-

 pose

" pose on me. If you will consent to
" give me your hand at the altar, I will,
" if you desire it, swear to renounce the
" right of a husband; I shall not hesitate
" a moment to sacrifice, my happiness to
" you, if you will but place your fate in
" my hands. You need not fear that I
" should forfeit my promise after the ce-
" remony; for you are at present com-
" pletely in my power .... you have
" seen my veneration for you .... but
" let not your rigour trust too much to
" that insurmountable passion with which
" you have inspired me ... I shall be atro-
" cious .... if you doom me to play
" much longer the execrable character of
" your oppressor. Diana, you can sleep
" in that dungeon whilst you brave your
" oppressor,

"oppressor, whom love and despair keep
"for ever awake; who wakes only to
"form during the whole night the most
"dreadful and sinister plans.. You do
"not entertain any passion for Don Pe-
"dro. Do you imagine that I forgot that
"which you told me in so much confi-
"dence? What then is it that can place
"so invincible a barrier between us? Is it
"my treachery? Remember, without it
"I should have lost you. Oh! take
"pity on yourself; deign to accept the
"empire of that lost and broken heart,
"of that impassioned heart which you
"may yet raise, purify, and render equal
"to and deserving of your own.....
"What am I defective in? a pious life?
".... Ah! do not doubt but Don San-

"cho,

"cho, on receiving your faith, will be-
"come the most virtuous of men. If
"glory has any charms in your eyes, I
"will go and combat our enemies. . . . .
"Your generous soul cannot be insensi-
"ble to the pleasures of philanthropy;
"we will succour the unfortunate; we
"will establish hospitals for the unhappy,
"and my life will be embellished with
"every thing that is good and grateful.
"Oh! you yourself have taught me how
"to pity the sufferings of others; but if
"you reject me, I shall become inacces-
"sible to compassion. I shall sink deep
"in the abyss into which passion has al-
"ready cast me, and my rage and de-
"spair will force me to draw you into
"the vortex. . . . . Tell me, you hate

" me: oh! how much more do I love
" your hatred and your reproaches, than
" this cold contempt which you evince
" towards me! I cannot endure the mild
" serenity of your looks; you cannot ima-
" gine what terrible effects your angelic
" appearance has on my shattered frame;
" it disarms me, it kills me. . . . . Twenty
" times yesterday, did I attempt to stab
" myself in your sight; but what would
" come of you, were I to abandon you?
" Fool that I am! I sometimes flatter
" myself that so much love must at length
" be rewarded. . . . Oh! be careful how
" you deprive me of that hope, it is your
" only security; answer me immediately,
" I conjure you; I am now standing be-
" fore the cavern door, ready to rush

" into it, if you do but pronounce one
" single word. . . . Oh, Diana! let me
" beg you to yield to my entreaties . . . .
" never was the season more serene,
" never did the dawn break more soft and
" delightful. . . . Come forth, and assist in
" embellishing all nature, who will seem
" reanimated by your appearance. I have
" already, for six months, traversed but
" a wild desert. . . . Come, and exhibit
" to my sight all its former charms. . . .
" Generous Diana, come and return to
" an unfortunate being life and happi-
" ness.'

" After having read this letter, I could
" not help deploring the unhappy fate of
" of one led away by so violent a pas-
" sion.

" sion. I therefore immmediately formed
" the idea of imparting to him my secret,
" at the same time that I gave him my
" refusal. I was sure that, without ex-
" acting any thing from me, he then
" would let me quit the cavern. All
" his first emotions had something he-
" roic in them; but the gloominess of his
" passion had taken such root in his
" heart, that his generosity had a sort
" of inconstancy; in his effusions of sen-
" sibility, his frankness, nay, I might
" say his candour, was extreme; how-
" ever, he was no less capable of the
" most criminal artifice and the most
" villainous contrivances . . . . I reflect-
" ed, that being in possession of my se-
" cret, he would perhaps deprive me of

" my infant as a hostage, thinking that
" it would give him absolute power
" over me. This idea made me shud-
" der.... I had already thought, du-
" ring his last visit, to follow him to the
" door of the cavern, there to throw my-
" self at his feet, and entreat him to let
" me quit it. I was almost persuaded
" that he would be incapable of resisting
" such a sight; but I was withheld by
" the great fear, lest, by seeing me walk,
" he should perceive my situation: be-
" sides, he always went away with such
" rapidity, that it was impossible for me
" to overtake him. I therefore answered
" him with mildness and prudence, still
" persisting in my denial. An hour after-
" wards I received a note full of love

" and

" and threats, which he finished by
" conjuring me, if I changed my re-
" solution, that if I would immediately
" send him a messenger, whom Leonora
" would dispatch the moment I gave the
" order. He then set off for Lisbon;
" and I have since learned for certain,
" that he really did make that journey.

" During the three first weeks of Don
" Sancho's absence, I was only occupied
" in finishing and completing my child-
" bed linen; and afterwards thinking that
" music might one day amuse my infant,
" and that I perhaps would be desirous
" of instructing it in that science, I re-
" solved again to take up my guitar, and
" to practise my singing. I had a good
" stock

" stock of strings and musical books; I " new-strung my guitar and taking some " airs, endeavoured to sing one; but as " soon as I heard my voice re-echoed " through the dismal vaults, I stopped " and trembled. Music and profane " words, which only expressed happiness " and love, were so strange a subject in " this spot, that they could only seem a " kind of madness; I therefore deter- " mined to write other words to such airs " as pleased me, and to set to music such " hymns and anthems, of which I had a " printed copy; and this was my only " amusement for six weeks, during which " I received several letters from Don " Sancho, which I never answered.

" When

" When I had been captive about
" seven months, my shape increasing
" clearly evinced to me that I was fast
" approaching towards the fatal period.
" It was about the latter end of autumn;
" I had always expected that my accou-
" chement would have taken place some
" time at the end of December; but I
" had, for four-and-twenty hours, suf-
" fered the greatest pain, and I saw
" that the grand crisis was very near:
" this thought made me shudder, as
" if I had never reflected on the conse-
" quences before. I repeated with ter-
" ror, *it may be to-day, it may be to-*
" *morrow*. This idea, as it were, con-
" fused me. I no longer knew what I
" ought to prepare, nor what I ought to
" do;

" do; I could not even recollect what I
" had read with so much attention, and
" all that I had projected on this occa-
" sion. I passed a whole evening in this
" state; but suddenly the pains that I en-
" dured went off, when I fell asleep, and
" slept very comfortably. I awoke about
" four o'clock in the morning, perfectly
" recovered, and this was the day on
" which Leonora usually brought me my
" provisions. I hastened to the wicket,
" and as I walked along the pain again
" seized me. I waited about half an
" hour, when I saw the basket descend;
" I called Leonora, to which she an-
" swered; and then I told her that I was
" particularly indisposed by a rheum, and
" that I should be obliged to keep my

" bed

" bed for six or seven days; that having
" by me a great storck of syrup of wine,
" jellies, and dried fruit, I had, with that
" which she now had brought me, more
" than sufficient to last me all that
" time. Leonora thought that my de-
" sign in this was to persuade her to come
" again into the cavern; she therefore
" answered me by saying, 'that she had
" just received strict orders from the
" Count, never more to enter into the
" cave. This pleased me exceedingly.
" Such prohibition, renewed particularly
" at this juncture, seemed to me a fa-
" vour from divine goodness, and re-
" stored me all my strength. I had often,
" though without any hope, entreated
" Leonora for a confessor, and I now
" again

" again, renewed my request; but Leo-
" nora always answered me, that a desire
" and intention to piety were sufficient.
" 'Well,' said I, 'if we cannot confess
" to a priest, religion teaches us to hu-
" miliate ourselves, and confess ourselves
" before such witnesses, whoever they
" may be, who hear us.'—'Hear me,
" then.' At these words I threw myself
" on my knees before the wicket, and
" with the most ardent fervour, and all
" the sincerity of heart, I rapidly con-
" fessed my faults; I terminated my con-
" fession with these words: 'I acknow-
" ledge so much weakness has merited
" all the chastisement which I suffer.
" 'Here, before this door, which will never
" again be opened to me, I submit to my
" fate;

" fate : I embrace with joy that adversity
" which only tends to purify me : I for-
" give my persecutor, who reconciled me
" to my God ; and also of you, my dear
" Leonora, I ask pardon for all the of-
" fence which I have given you. Speak
" to me, I beseech you ; let me know
" that you have heard me.' Leonora an-
" swered me, but I plainly perceived by
" her voice that she was laughing. . . .
" Never did her obstinacy and cruelty
" impress me with more surprise and in-
" dignation ; but I suppressed my resent-
" ment without difficulty : in the terrible
" situation that I was in, I even felt a sort
" of pleasure in suffering with patience
" the greatest outrage. I had brought a
" small casket along with me, into which

"I put

"I put twenty ducats, and a massive
"golden chain, which I offered to Leo-
"nora. She took up the casket and
"thanked me, rather in a tone which
"had something affecting in it, if how-
"ever it was possible that sensibility
"could be united with the sound of her
"voice.

"I then left the wicket, perfectly satis-
"fied with myself. At this awful mo-
"ment this was an invaluable happiness
"to me. I had always experienced small
"pains at great intervals: but I now
"imagined that my travail would take
"place either this very evening or in
"the night; and although I felt a trem-
"bling in all my limbs, and a difficulty

"and

" and pain in walking or doing any thing, " my soul was replete with confidence, " and my mind perfectly easy; and I " felt with pleasure that I should not " forget or omit any thing that I had to " do on this to me ever-memorable day."

END OF VOL. II.

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